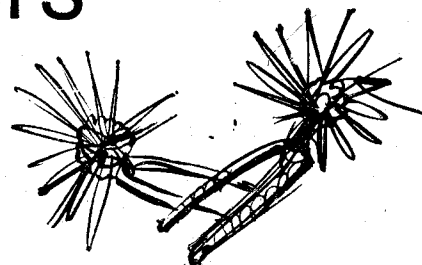


THE NATION

October 19, 1964 . . 35c

A Texan Remembers LYNDON

STUART LONG



Space Crescent II

The Brain Ghettos

William S. Ellis

The Negro's Priorities

Welfare or Status

Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

Reviews

HERZOG

George P. Elliott

THE TECHNOLOGICAL
SOCIETY

Robert Theobald

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Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

People's problem

Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sirs: Reading "Postal Savings: America's Poorest Buy" by Ralph Lee Smith (*The Nation*, Sept. 21) made me appreciate again the value of your magazine and the awareness some people have of others' problems.

When, years ago, I stopped using Postal Savings because of low interest rates, I didn't bother to think that this method of saving was the sole real one for many urban and rural people. Perhaps your article and the thought behind it will get wide recognition, and this trusted savings system will be given the chance to offer modern rates of interest. . . .

Beatrice B. Epel

Norman Thomas

New York City
Dear Sirs: CBS plans to broadcast a TV documentary to mark the 80th birthday of Norman Thomas. The committee in charge of this event is eager to examine available home movies or tape recordings of Mr. Thomas. I shall be most grateful if anyone owning such material will get in touch with me immediately at the Norman Thomas 80th Birthday Committee, Room 402, 1182 Broadway, New York City. Phone: 689-1738.

Judith Bardecke
Executive Secretary

Lawyers in Mississippi

Jackson, Miss.
Dear Sirs: Elizabeth Sutherland, writing of legal defense work in Mississippi this past summer ("The Cat and Mouse Game," *The Nation*, Sept. 14) states that attorneys "were allowed to practice very little in the state"; that their work "consisted mainly of bailing or bonding out arrested volunteers, as well as local Negroes," removing cases to federal court and "acting as observers and advisers." She quotes a law student from the National Lawyers Guild office as stating, "the amount of actual legal work we've done could be engraved on the head of a pin." While this may be true for the Guild, it is highly untrue for the Legal Defense Fund (NAACP) and the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee. A surprising and encouraging occurrence of the summer was that although our attorneys were challenged several times, they were permitted to appear on the overwhelming majority of occasions. In addition, they were extremely busy drawing up legal papers, researching defense, consulting with clients. Approximately 200 cases

are now pending involving more than 500 persons; at least another 100 have been handled and closed.

This fall the Legal Defense Fund has stepped up its involvement in Mississippi to handle the staggering number of appeals left from the summer, as well as to carry on day-to-day defense. The legal staff in Mississippi has been augmented by three new persons who will work with the three local attorneys. Marian E. Wright
NAACP Legal Defense Fund, Inc.

Correction

New York City
Dear Sirs: Your October 5th issue contains an article by Alexander Werth ("Russia in 1964") in which he states that "so far, the Togliatti 'testament' has not appeared in the Soviet Press." Clearly, Mr. Werth must have written his article some weeks ago. May we point out to you and your readers that the text of Togliatti's statement was published in *Pravda*, Sept. 10.

Leonid Velichansky
New York Bureau, Tass Agency

Ethical drugs

New York City
Dear Sirs: The editorial "Drugs and Doctors" (*The Nation*, Sept. 21) is more misleading than informative.

First, in addition to the fact that much of the criticism directed at advertising of ethical drug products in the article and during the Kefauver hearings was completely unjustified, government regulation of advertising of these products, both from the standpoint of safety and effectiveness, was significantly extended by the 1962 Drug Amendments. Therefore, extensive regulations now blanket the area.

In the second place, the editorial is not a fair representation of the book, *Drugs in Our Society*, which is a collection of papers presented at a conference at Johns Hopkins University.

For instance, the writer quotes liberally from a paper by Mr. Pierre Garai but no mention is made of his comments in the same paper as follows:

Operating under the profit system, the drug industry has made enormous contributions to our society. Not only has the successful marketing of individual drugs tended to reduce their price over the years. It has created the capital and the corporate motivation to which we owe the variety and plentiful supply of useful drugs from which the therapist may choose. Indeed, had the pharmaceutical industry never availed itself of the mass-marketing techniques we now hear so bitterly assailed, few of the drugs on

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which modern medical practice depends would be affordable at all.

The editorial suggests that many drugs are overpriced and attributes this partly to "over-competition." In their zeal to condemn the pharmaceutical industry, other critics have also asserted that many drugs are overpriced, but they have attributed this to lack of competition. In all logic, both can't be right! Both can be wrong—and they are.

G. H. Weiler, Jr.
Director of Public Relations
Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.

Lyndon Baines Johnson

When the New York *Herald Tribune* started off its editorial, "We Choose Johnson," with the avowal, "Travail and torment go into these simple words . . ." it was not indulging in mock heroics. The *Trib* says truly that as a newspaper it was Republican before there was a Republican Party, has been Republican ever since, and intends to remain Republican. But it finds Goldwater impossible and it is a testament to the paper's integrity that this one time it had to bolt. In stating its support for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, *The Nation* will surprise no one. Its choice has been made with the greatest equanimity and borders on tautology. Not that *The Nation* is a Democratic organ. We are supporting Kenneth B. Keating for re-election to the Senate from New York, and there was no inner struggle about that either. Nor have we experienced any travail or torment in reaching the decision that Republican John V. Lindsay should be re-elected as Representative from the 17th Congressional District in New York.

But in 1964, as in 1960, it is not merely a matter of choosing the lesser evil. Johnson has faults and they are not slight, especially for a magazine that tries to keep opinion on a decent intellectual level. But his virtues are impressive (see Stuart Long's assessment, based on close observation over a period of many years, p. 235). An adroit practical politician, the President is an acknowledged master of legislative techniques; his skill and experience in the arts of Congressional leadership have not been matched in our time. The Executive-Congressional interplay is one of immense intricacy, requiring technical and professional competence which some men, otherwise brilliant, can never attain. In this field alone—and it is a vital one—the President's credentials would be impressive against any nominee the Republicans might have named, not to mention the ineffable Goldwater. In our view the record of the 88th Congress under President Johnson's leadership warrants endorsement of his candidacy.

In general political orientation, it is often forgotten that Johnson, as Stuart Long points out, has always been about as progressive as a Texan can be and still keep on getting re-elected. His political values may not be ours but we certainly espouse many of his objectives. The President is no ascetic and he has accumulated a personal fortune, employing to his own advantage the same mixture of financial acumen, political influence and general know-how that have made him such an effective legislator. At the same time, the glaring contrasts of wealth and poverty in American society are not to his liking. He understands the responsibilities of leadership, accepts them gladly, and is probably the hardest-working President who has occupied the office in this century. No one questions his

dedication or his determination to make a great record as President.

"In supporting Johnson," the *Herald Tribune* warns, "we do so with our eyes open and our fingers crossed." *The Nation* makes the same reservation. It supported Kennedy and then belabored him on Vietnam and Cuba. Given the same circumstances, it will criticize Johnson as often and as severely. The post-election situation this time—or so it now seems—will present a special problem. Kennedy just squeezed through, but present indications are that Johnson will win by a landslide. *The Nation* would like to see the Goldwater-Miller ticket receive the worst defeat it is in the power of the American people to bestow. If that makes the Democrats complacent, progressives will have their work cut out for them the next four years. So will Johnson. It is one thing to talk of the Great Society, quite another to create it. But to try is both in his interest and consistent with his personality.

The Change

The article by Drs. Jerome B. Wiesner and Herbert F. York in the October *Scientific American* marks a significant transition in U.S. military thinking. In "The Test Ban," York and Wiesner do much more than assess the usefulness of that agreement. And it is not only what they say that is significant but the fact that it is they who are saying it. York was chief scientist of the Department of Defense in the Eisenhower administration, Wiesner was science adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Actually both men are scientists-engineers, as is Dr. George Kistiakowsky, who was science adviser to President Eisenhower and who has stated his agreement with the Wiesner-York observations.

These observations add up to a précis of the present state of the nuclear missile race, based on unclassified information which appears in the article, and the classified information which both men possess in unexcelled amplitude and depth. Of course, when he writes about matters of this sort, a scientist cannot help using both kinds of information; he has only one brain and it is not divided into classified and unclassified compartments. It is a novelty, however, for recently retired participants in high-level discussions to assure the reader that the arguments would not be modified if the authors were able to cite the classified information. One can remember when such a declaration would have been regarded as indiscreet, or worse, and the avowal in this case is itself important.

Summed up in a few words, what York and Wiesner tell us is that it is hopeless to try to defend against a massive nuclear attack. Peace is the only defense and the nuclear test ban has worked to the benefit of peace, and hence to the benefit of the U.S. As the U.S. military

position gets stronger, the opponent takes appropriate counteraction and U.S. military security declines. The same is true for the USSR, more so in fact. Hence: "The clearly predictable course of the arms race is a steady open spiral downward into oblivion." And: *"It is our considered professional judgment that this dilemma has no technical solution."* (Italics in original.) Only step-by-step disarmament will avail.

A few years ago the unthinkable was being thought for the public by Herman Kahn. Though most of the scientific brass never subscribed to Kahn's views, they were not in a position to challenge the traditional military doctrine, rendered meaningless in the nuclear age, that the greater America's "might," the greater her security. Things are different today. Kahn's own emphases have changed, and so have the parameters of discussion. York and Wiesner can now say publicly what they know because (although the public has not yet been told) the groups of scientists and engineers they represent (perhaps including some in uniform) have won the behind-the-scenes battle in the Pentagon. In itself, the test ban represents only a modest retardation of the arms race, but after a year of it York and Wiesner can speak out. One may surmise that they are doing so, in this joint fashion, to give the word to the scientific community and thus lend further impulsion to the move toward sanity.

Tiger in Your Tank

In a single Saturday and Sunday recently, twenty-one young Americans died in automobile smashups. This was not one of the big holiday weekends; it was pretty much routine. Of course the youngsters don't kill only themselves; often they take older folk with them, or the older folk manage without help from the young. In some states new records for fatalities and injuries are likely to be set; in New York the 1964 traffic death toll may be the highest in almost a quarter of a century. The national totals are little short of appalling, and a reaction is beginning to build up against the automobile industry which, with its long-established aversion to regulation of any kind, has exposed itself to the very criticism it resents. At the American Automobile Association convention an industry representative contended that the suggestions of independent safety experts were put forward "without proof that they were effective, acceptable to the public or economically justified." The industry stands pat on the contention that it is the best judge of car safety standards. If it sells, it is as safe as it needs to be; the rest is up to the drivers and the police.

With 44,000 people dead on the highways last year, it is doubtful that this laissez faire attitude can be maintained. Cannot cars be made safer, so that catastrophic crashes will be fewer? The Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette-Mail* contends editorially that if Detroit were more safety-conscious and less style-conscious the carnage on the highways could be substantially reduced. Collapsible steering assemblies, automatic fire-protection systems, rollbars, shock-absorbing bumpers and the like certainly should be considered, even if the

cars are less elegant and not as many buyers succumb to the enticing shapes of each year's new models.

In a sense, Detroit practically invites the more aggressive members of the community to go out and kill or be killed. The names of some of the cars are a clue to the psychology of the Detroit sales departments and a segment of the driving population. Nor is Detroit alone: you are invited to put a tiger into the gasoline tank of your Mustang, Barracuda, Sting Ray, Wildcat, Fury, Thunderbird, etc. Some of the most skilled operators drive sports cars, but these hot little vehicles also tempt some of the most harebrained. As Ogden Nash said, "Now every one horsepower mind has bought/a hundred horsepower juggernaut"—or was it two hundred?

The Mustang is a case in point. By September 20, 150,000 units of this \$2,900 product (with extras) had been sold, corresponding to an annual rate of between 350,000 and 400,000. The young particularly go for the Mustang. Says Ford's marketing research manager, Seymour Marshak: "Nowadays a guy looks for a symbol of his youth. He wants to be . . . a live wire. Me, I even get concerned when one of my four daughters looks at me and says, 'Daddy, you're strictly from Squaresville.'" Ford, it seems, has a "gut feeling" about the Mustang—which is fine if too many of the buyers don't leave their guts on the pavement.

Makes of tires are on the market which, by their price alone, must be suspected of being unsafe. Why should there not be safety standards for tires, as well as for cars? The federal government protects travelers by steamship, air and rail. Ninety per cent of interstate travel is now by automobile. It looks like a field in which federal regulation would not be such a bogey after all.

The New Libel

You are a public official and your constituents begin telling you that they have heard you have a "100 per cent pro-Communist, America-last voting record," and similar pleasant things. You check into the reports. Slander is nothing new in politics, but at least you would like to know who said it. You discover that by dialing a number anyone can listen to a tape-recorded tirade in which these statements are made by a voice not identified from a source not known. Then you try to find out in whose name the telephone is listed, and usually you encounter a blank wall. So, whom do you sue?

This has happened to Sen. Jacob Javits and to others; he tells about it at length in the October 2 *Congressional Record*. It is nothing new. Some time ago Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel complained of this anonymous slander technique, and *The Nation* commented editorially ("For Whom the Bell Rings," March 30, 1964, p. 310). In this case the organization behind the new gimmick was identified as "Let Freedom Ring"; Senator Javits suggests it should be called, "Let Hate be Heard." This outfit, based in Florida, is operating in that state, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Colorado. It has been organized nationally for some

twenty months and in that relatively brief period, according to Senator Javits, has preached that the higher echelons of the Defense establishment are working to deliver the country into the hands of the enemy, that American aid to Yugoslavia goes directly to the Soviet Union, and that the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund, which feeds thousands of hungry children in various countries, "is one of the best examples of subversion." With innuendo and outright lies, it has attacked, among others, Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, Chief Justice Warren, UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and Eleanor Roosevelt. This wickedness continues without letup and is spreading. Political pathology may be no worse in the United States than elsewhere—but we have far more telephones than any other nation.

What can be done? Suppose the public figure who is being knifed manages to find out in whose name the phone was installed. There might still be a serious question of liability, because in theory a telephone conversation is in the realm of private communication. If that difficulty can be overcome, as it probably can, not only the persons who obtained the tapes locally may have to be identified, but also those who prepared them originally—who may be in another state. In any case there must be a test suit, with complicated and costly appellate litigation.

Aside from legal action, various measures may be taken to curb this spreading plague. The telephone companies can be made to take cognizance of abuses of this kind, which potentially can do more harm than bookmaking. This use of the telephone is a form of broadcasting, and the Federal Communications Com-

mission may have jurisdiction. Then there is the weapon Senator Javits used—counterattack. The private citizen may also note that those who are slandered are usually precisely the people who, in the public interest and his own, deserve his vote.

Barry and the Pilots

An aviator in Los Angeles has formed a Pilots for Goldwater Club, named himself president and begun putting out releases, one of which asserts that 77 per cent of all commercial pilots support the Republican candidate. This is patent nonsense—no survey of the political beliefs of all pilots has ever been made, and none is likely; pilots are highly individualistic, mobile to the extreme, and poor subjects for polling.

Private conversations would seem to indicate that fliers are much like other voters; some are for Johnson, some for Goldwater, and a good many are still making up their minds. This last group has a special, professional interest in Goldwater's dedication to States' rights. If the Republican candidate means what he says, he would give control of the airways and of the landing fields, development of navigational and other safety devices, subsidy of small connecting lines back to the fifty states. Pilots who habitually span the nation from coast to coast in a day's work know that States' rights for aviation would mean chaos and disaster for the industry. Imagine 50 CABs controlling the planes in the air. If Goldwater means what he says, he cannot expect many votes from the fliers (or from anyone else in commercial aviation). And if he doesn't mean what he says . . . ?

A Texan Remembers Lyndon Stuart Long

Austin, Tex.

Sitting down to try to explain Lyndon Johnson is a lot like trying to shovel away a mountain, like telling how you know when it's time to take cattle to market, like explaining when it's time to plant corn, sell stocks or buy real estate. This man Johnson needs a lot of understanding and a lot of mind reading, and they taught us at journalism school not to go into motives except when motives cut to the heart of the issue. But when we buck up against the breathtaking business of the election booth, picking one man of two to lead the country, maybe it's time to talk of motives.

Episodes pulled from the files of memory may well be as good a way

as any to begin. And as one who has been an employee (briefly), a volunteer worker for, a friend of at times, and at outs with about as much of the time, I am inclined to reach to memory instead of analysis. The recent portraits of Johnson, painted in black or white, have none of the human gray shades which give life to a likeness. But all the while, one keeps recalling Clarence Darrow's reminder that you should pass on others' motives only when you know yourself why you do what you do.

Here are a set of penciled notes of a meeting called in Austin, Tex., in late 1945, just after V-J Day. Congressman Johnson flew down from Washington to call a meeting of the "leaders" from the ten counties of his 10th District, which was his first political love. He wanted them to tell him—and the federal

government—what they should be doing about the men and women coming home from the war.

Johnson told the group that, first, it was a responsibility of free enterprise to provide jobs for the returning GIs. After that, it was up to local government, then to state government. But, he went on, if those three failed to provide the jobs and the housing for the returning servicemen and their families, it became a federal responsibility:

Hungry babies can't eat States' rights. Ragged soldiers can't wear local self-government. Sick, illiterate people can't cure themselves on a diet of free enterprise.

The meeting went on all day. Johnson introduced most of the 500 present by their first names, and as he introduced them, he told what they had been doing and what they had accomplished in their commu-

Stuart Long has reported Texas politics for three decades; he now covers the state capital for a number of Texas papers. He lives in Austin.

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nities. But all through the meeting, the Congressman was telling the leaders of his district that he was going to vote for federal programs if they were needed to create jobs and homes.

It wasn't long afterward that he did just that. We had a real housing shortage in Austin when the guys with their wartime brides and babies began to come home. There was an appeal to open homes and rent a room to a couple. But the flood was overwhelming. The University of Texas regents, a rugged free-enterprise lot, wanted no part of socialized housing, but we organized a veterans' housing council. Every morning we would hammer on the university officials with demands for acceptance of an offer from the United States to bring in barracks and convert them into apartments if the university would furnish the land (it had several hundred vacant acres). Every afternoon Johnson would phone to ask if they were ready to accept. After about ten days of this, the regents agreed to accept 800 apartments. Most of them are still there, providing low-cost housing these nineteen years for university students and faculty members and, what's more important, making college education possible.

Next in the flood of recollections is one that indicates what Johnson's Cabinet members have learned by now: he won't be satisfied with anything short of a miracle from those he leans on, hires, or assigns to jobs.

As a volunteer worker and in my spare time, I got up a network radio show for his 1948 Senate campaign. It was a "Veterans for Johnson" production, and as I look over the script even now it did sound pretty good. Johnson heard it and ordered it run twice more over the statewide network. When he came back to Austin for an hour between speeches, ten days before election, he caught me and issued this ukase: "That show was the best one ever written. Now I want eight more just as good." He ticked off the subjects for the eight more shows, only two of which got to the air before the campaign was over. So it became my fault that Johnson won by only 87 votes.

There never was a man as demanding on his staff. The folk who pay the salaries will get their

money's worth out of Johnson's hired hands.

Johnson must necessarily be described as a vain man. Maybe it takes vanity to carry one to the top of the political mountain. In 1948, he came home to assay his chances for the U.S. Senate seat which was being left open by W. Lee O'Daniel, who had beaten Johnson by 1,311 votes in 1941. Everywhere he turned he read signs that convinced him he could not win. One night a group of us gathered to try to get him to run. He said "no" and went to bed.

We sat and talked, eight of us, all convinced that former Gov. Coke Stevenson could be, and should be, defeated. Finally we agreed that John Connally should run. We sat up late mapping his campaign. Next morning, some of us advised Johnson of our decision and asked his support. He was popping mad, of course, and that afternoon he announced as a candidate. He was a 2-to-1 underdog, but he campaigned cannily, splitting Stevenson's conservatives with Stevenson's endorsement by the A.F. of L., then splitting the A. F. of L. when he finally harried Stevenson into saying Taft-Hartley was good for the country. He squeezed into the Democratic primary by 87 votes, was elected that fall by more than 2 to 1, and had taken his first step up the political ladder.

But had he not had that necessary feeling, which surely must be vanity, he would never have been a candidate, and he would not be President now.

Other top politicians, even Presidents, have had diversions of family or sport or fun to draw them from their appointed path. Lyndon and his family have had but one devotion and that is to his career. This means that The Job is the thing, and he and his family are capable of working eighteen to twenty hours a day on it.

In the case of the Johnsons, one part of The Job was securing a nest egg. When he first ran for Congress at 27, in 1937, businessmen supporters of his many opponents snorted that Johnson was no good because he'd never met a payroll. In Texas, which has been closely split for decades on conservative-liberal lines, a candidate, to be successful, must get the support—and the money—to cover the vast distances by air and by electronics. To

get the money, he has to be acceptable to at least a section of the business community.

Johnson couldn't get the power company support, because he was deeply committed to public power and REA co-ops, a commitment dating back in his family, probably, to the generation before he was born. There was no oil or gas in his 10th District. So he and Mrs. Johnson went into the radio business, nudged by a vision perhaps of what was to come in that field. He also went into land—coached, no doubt, by Edgar H. Perry, Sr., who made a fortune in land in Austin and who was one of many successful businessmen who saw Johnson's potential and took the young Congressman under their wings. As time wore on, the growth of land values and of radio-TV income eliminated the charge that Johnson had never met a payroll. Now his enemies holler that he's done too well.

Some sort of crisis had developed at Hondo, Tex., where a pilot's training school was being operated under contract by H. B. (Pat) Zachry, a leading San Antonio contractor, conservative, millionaire and big payer of federal taxes. Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson flew back to Austin for the weekend to meet with Zachry and others concerned with the loss of a payroll at Hondo.

The business at hand being over, Senator Johnson turned to Zachry, who held the construction contract for extension of runways at Bergstrom Air Force Base, at the edge of Austin. He said: "Couldn't the government save some money out there at Bergstrom if you put on a second shift of men? You've got your supervision and your equipment, and you're just running the equipment eight hours a day. Besides, we need to get those B-52s in operation."

Zachry reckoned the work could be completed at less total cost with a second shift. The Senator told him to have studies made over the weekend to show how much could be saved for "us taxpayers." "Get that into my office in Washington Monday, and we'll get an order authorizing a second shift."

Johnson left the meeting, having convinced Zachry that he was a man who knew business and who was interested in saving dollars for the taxpayers. He walked down the

street with a liberal friend and explained the action this way: "We've got 2,500 men unemployed here in Austin. If we can put them to work next week, there will be 2,500 men and 7,500 women and kids who'll have a lot finer Christmas."

That has always seemed to me to explain Lyndon B. Johnson, how he thinks and, perhaps more important, how he operates. He can translate any plan or proposal into the language of the person he's talking to, and make it seem just right in the listener's language.

I look back at a memo I wrote in 1951 to Llewellyn White of *The Reporter*, who wanted a run-down on Johnson. In it I said: "Lyndon intends to be President some day. He may make it, if his health holds out." It did, of course, but only after he had worked himself into a massive heart attack in 1955. From all appearances, it was one of those heart attacks which save a man's life because, with *The Job* in mind, Johnson did what the doctors said, and he's still doing what they say.

While the Johnson family background is solidly Democratic, Johnson himself came from the kind of country and poor farm background that bred the Populists. So did Sam Rayburn and so did John Nance Garner. I recall my father, a Democratic county chairman in the 1890s, when the Populists were running strong and winning offices, saying that "We Democrats had to take the Populists' platform over to beat them and the Republicans."

It has always been my belief that Rayburn and his protégé Johnson were right out of that same strain. You might call them "agrarian radicals." They worked for farm programs, rural electricity, public power, controlling Wall Street, public housing, low interest rates and social security. They took these stands simply because they had known poverty, and didn't like it.

Garner, Rayburn and Johnson all became wealthy while serving full time in Washington. They did so because they were smart enough to see what was going to happen, or could keep their ears open to find out what they didn't know. In the American free-enterprise system, men of this caliber can and will become wealthy, even when they work at wealth as moonlighters.

I have been in with Lyndon and

out with Lyndon. I find some mean letters in my file that I have written him for departing from Democratic platforms of the 1950s. And I find mean replies. Yet I recall many times in arguments over Johnson that I have told my disdainful liberal friends that Johnson is just as liberal as his constituency will let him be.

There is no question but that Johnson has that characteristic once ascribed to a political leader: "First you find out where the people want to go. Then you get out in front and lead them there." Sometimes, as at that postwar meeting in Austin, August 31, 1945, he was leading them there as he found out where they wanted to go.

Johnson has had little contact

with state governments, but the contacts he has had have convinced him that they very often do not "get the job done for the folks," and that to him is the purpose of government. Texas state government gets a full fourth of its income in federal aid, dispensed largely by officials who cuss centralized government. It is not hard to recall how Johnson, sick and tired of trying to sell Texas on working to provide water for its future, slapped in a bill one day to create a federal study commission, which got the money and developed a water master plan for Texas so ambitious that Texans are still stunned as they find out more and more about it. The late Walter Prescott Webb convinced Johnson of the need for water development in



Harry Moss

Texas. Johnson asked his Senate colleague, Price Daniel, going home to become governor, to get water planning started. When the legislature turned Daniel down the first time, Johnson introduced his federal bill and got the study going.

I remember his telling me one time, when Secretary of the Navy John Connally and Rep. Jim Wright were both thinking of leaving Washington to run for governor, that both of them already had better jobs than being governor of Texas. He couldn't understand why people would want to leave responsible federal jobs to undertake the empty job of being titular head of the Texas state government. (That recollection will get you a fast argument, because the campaigners against Connally, who did run and win, are still convinced that LBJ sent him home to take over that office as a part of the LBJ empire.)

There's another attribute you've got to recognize in Johnson. He's a seller of ideas. He may not have many of them himself, but he can recognize one when he sees it. His real gift is selling ideas and programs to the people who count.

One weekend he came back from Washington, where he had just managed to get all sixty of the Democrats in the Senate to vote together to send an anti-labor bill back to committee. Hubert and Muriel Humphrey were with him, and the Johnsons asked my wife Emma and me out for the weekend. That was the first time I realized he could take a joke on himself. At dinner he was bragging about getting all the Democrats to vote together.

"I'll send you a picture, Stu, of Hubert Humphrey and Senator Byrd hugging," he joked.

"That's what I keep telling Hubert," Muriel Humphrey laughed. "If he keeps listening to Lyndon Johnson, he'll be voting with Senator Byrd all the time."

The dozen at the table roared. Now look what's happened to Humphrey from listening to Lyndon.

That night we took the traditional walk down the bank of the Pedernales to visit Cousin Oriole at her home six furlongs downstream from the LBJ ranch. The Majority Leader was striding along, holding hands with two of the women in the crowd, telling us that Cousin Oriole was the only person in Texas who still

had one of his 1937 campaign placards on her wall. But when we got back to the ranch, it was LBJ, not HHH, the inventor of the soil bank idea, who was selling all of us on what a good idea it was to get worn-out land out of production and into the growing of grass that restores fertility—because someday we'll need all the productive land we can get. The program became law, by the teamwork of Humphrey, who thought of it, and of Johnson, who sold it, in a Republican era.

Housing, a home for every family, has always been close to Johnson. When he was a boy there were times when it looked as if the Sam Johnsons might not have one much longer. When FDR signed the first public-housing bill into law, Johnson was there, and elicited a promise that his district would get the first public-housing project in the nation. Lyndon came home and took on the vested financial interest of Austin, which owned and rented the slum houses to Negroes, Latin Americans and whites. With the help of Mayor Tom Miller, the Austin Housing Authority was created. It now operates more than 800 units, but its goal always is to shove people out, once their levels of desire have been built up, into homes of their own.

We saw that again at Christmas of 1963, when Johnson was summoning Cabinet members and agency heads down to Texas to talk about trimming their budgets. Only one of them left the LBJ ranch with a bigger budget request than he had brought. That was Housing Administrator Robert Weaver, who came back to the Driskill Hotel's Crystal Ballroom for a White House press briefing, bubbling over with housing ideas and plans which he had obviously obtained just that day on the Pedernales.

Johnson didn't steal the 1948 Senate election. Much has been written about it, particularly in recent months, but the bald fact remains that Johnson's opposition wanted the Jim Wells County election results changed, by vote of a new County Democratic Executive Committee, which had been certified to office by the previous County Democratic Executive Committee that had also certified the votes for Johnson. If the chicken was mangy, so was its egg, the new county committee.

We had an election on that issue in Texas, in November, 1948, with the Republicans running a respectable millionaire, Jack Porter. He had the full support of former Gov. Coke Stevenson, who had lost to Johnson by 87 votes. The jury of Texas voters heard the whole story discussed interminably. The verdict: Johnson, 785,335; Porter, 381,110. Among those who knew the story best, it was Johnson, 2 to 1.

I worked for station KTBC briefly in 1945 and 1946. I find a letter that may explain the business success of Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson. They paid us a Christmas bonus that year, and I wrote Bird a note about it. Part of her reply went like this: "We feel that when business is good for us, it follows that it ought to be good for all the people who work in the shop."

Well, the chief engineer, general manager, four ad salesmen, the program director, the news editor, and half a dozen more who were with KTBC in 1945 are still there. A lot of others who quit wish they were still there, because the pay and company retirement plans are such that several of the older staff members are nearing retirement with six-figure annuities. Folk who feel the business is partly theirs have a way of making a business really gin. They, too, want it said that Lyndon has met a payroll.

I ran into Lyndon and Lady Bird one day, just after *Time* had done a cover story on him. It had needled him about his gold cuff links, and some of his other vanities which should be understandable to Henry Luce, who was a po' boy, too, for a time. I had worked on the story, checking out some of the many items *Time* had looked into.

I had been agreeably surprised by how well *Time* had treated Lyndon, and told him so. It wasn't two minutes before we were in a helluva argument, which could have included some bilateral name-calling. I stomped out, swearing to myself I'd never be for that guy again.

But, and this is important, there's a Saving Grace around Lyndon, name of Lady Bird. When I got home, she had called Emma to invite us out to the ranch to visit with Sam Rayburn. All was sweetness and light, and Lady Bird kept us so busy looking at the cattle that we just never did get back to our argument. If Dean Rusk quits, we've got

a precedent that nepotism laws don't apply to Cabinet jobs.

Looking back, I find I have not yet really touched on Lyndon's true magic. He can hold his temper when it's important, because he can keep his eye on the ball. When Johnson was senior Senator and then Vice President, and Ralph Yarborough was junior and then senior Senator from Texas, they clashed daily. But when Johnson became President, he recognized that Yarborough was a guy who had been voting for the Johnson program when it was the Kennedy program, and that he needed to keep Yarborough in the Senate.

Back home, Johnson's friends were busy drumming up a conservative Democrat to beat Yarborough, and expecting LBJ to help them. But he sent the word, loud and clear: Run against Yarborough and you're running against me.

They subsided, ungracefully, and still tried to beat Yarborough quietly, without letting Lyndon know. But during the fall campaign Johnson made what must have been a tough statement for him: "I don't think that Texas has ever had a Senator who voted for the people more than Senator Yarborough has voted for them." So there you have even modesty.

To Texas liberals, Johnson has generally been the lesser of two evils at election time. Some of us have thought that he was as liberal as he could be and get elected, by a Texas constituency. But since he picked up and passed the Kennedy program in 1964, you won't find a single Texas liberal voting against him on November 3, just as you didn't find a liberal against him in 1960, as he got a national constituency for the first time and, for the first time, ran as a liberal.

In 1960, it may have been because he was linked with Kennedy. This time, we've begun to think that in our hearts we know he's right.

Space Crescent II

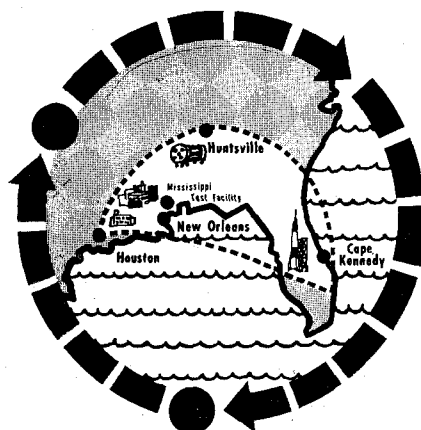
THE BRAIN GHETTOS William S. Ellis

In the South, along the 1,200-mile space crescent, the disordered legacy of antebellum culture is being buried in a shroud of scientific busyness. There, enlightenment can no longer be defined as a willingness to compromise on language, making it "nigra" instead of "nigger." The social impact of the aerospace industrial renaissance demands much more.

So strong is this force for change that at certain points along the crescent race relations, education and standards of living are being improved and upgraded to an extent and at a pace never before equaled in the South. But happening also is a development that was certain to come about in a society so heavily freighted with technological talent. Elite ghettos of intellect are rising in the crescent, and from them springs a tendency to equate scientific sophistication with cultural eminence. Such ghettos are death to fusty mores, but they engender instead an atmosphere of almost frightening dehumanization.

William S. Ellis has been a reporter on papers in Montana, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Two years ago he became a free-lance journalist, and his articles have appeared in Harpers, The New York Times, The Reporter and elsewhere. This is the second of three articles which Mr. Ellis wrote while on a grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund.

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By concentrating much of its activity in the crescent—the area extends from Houston to the east coast of Florida, and from New Orleans to northern Alabama—the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has placed itself in a position to accelerate the integration process by economic pressure. NASA people deny that this is part of the agency's goal or responsibility, but of all the "spin-off" benefits of the space program none is more profound than social reform. Nevertheless, NASA is reluctant to associate itself publicly with these matters. Like a certain elder statesman at a Republican convention, the agency seems to believe that to be noncommittal is to be virtuous. Major reforms are taking place, nevertheless, and NASA, however tacitly, is behind them.

"Pressure by the government for more moderate race relations is there," said a young engineer who had been sent by Boeing from Seattle to the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala. While waiting for his family to arrive from the Northwest, he was living in the Huntsville YMCA, along with a dozen other highly skilled technicians. It has been said that if the residents of that one small "Y" got together, they could build and launch a satellite, and then interpret its movements in ten different languages. "Even if that pressure isn't stated," he added, "it's certainly implied. Remember, Wallace isn't much of a hero in this part of Alabama."

Indeed, if there is one section of the nation where Governor George Wallace has met nothing but frustrations and cutting ridicule, it is in his own state—in Huntsville and most of Madison County. For instance, when the Governor attempted by force to block integration of Huntsville's public schools and sent in a detachment of state troopers for the purpose, a group of white mothers pushed through the police cordon and kept the schools open. And whereas they may have expected to be greeted with kisses blown from beneath flowering dogwoods and magnolias, the troopers were peppered with stinging taunts. Within twenty-four hours, they had

packed up their riot equipment and left the city.

Wallace struck back with the charge that one of the aerospace companies in Huntsville (Brown Engineering, a prime contractor with NASA) had been ordered by the government to hire a certain percentage of Negroes. Milton E. Cummings, president of the company, denies that, and so do officials at the Space Flight Center. Certainly if such a quota—a figure of 20 per cent of the work force was mentioned—was ever laid down, it has yet to be filled. Few Negroes in Alabama—or elsewhere, for that matter—are trained for the type of technical work in which Brown Engineering and most other space-related industries engage. When one who is qualified comes to notice, he is grabbed up and often “worn” as a symbol of enlightenment.

There is thus an irony in the impact of the aerospace industry on race relations in the South. Discrimination is fading in the presence of the superior intellect upon which space work depends, but the high plane on which equality is being offered makes it all but impossible for the average Southern Negro to participate. He is being told, in effect, to shake off his bonds today and present his Ph.D. certificate tomorrow. Ask one of those encamped in these new, brainy ghettos if he would want *his* sister to marry a Negro, and he is likely to reply that he doesn't give a damn about the color of his brother-in-law's skin as long as he knows all about logic circuitry and its relation to the design of optical magnetometers.

NASA's first run-in with Alabama's segregationist policy came two years ago when two Negro technicians employed at the Space Flight Center applied for admission to the Huntsville branch of the University of Alabama. Marvin Phillips Carroll, an electronics engineer, and Dave Mack McGlathery, a mathematician, were promptly rejected on the ground that their applications were “incomplete.”

Just a short time before, NASA had granted the university \$600,000 to help finance construction of a space research institute at the Huntsville branch. The university was then under a federal court order to admit qualified Negroes, a result of the 1956 incident involving Autherine Lucy. So when Carroll

and McGlathery were rejected, the grant became not so much an aid to higher education as a partial subsidy of bigotry and law infraction. By normal standards of moral responsibility, it was time for NASA to take action; if necessary, to threaten removal of its vast operation from the state.

Instead, a high official at the Space Flight Center called McGlathery into his office and advised him that while he was qualified and certainly entitled to take courses at the university, perhaps he wouldn't care to become the center of what could develop into a loud and nasty controversy. Wouldn't it be better to wait awhile?

“I didn't want to be in a position for someone to say that I was responsible for scuttling the space research institute,” McGlathery said after he withdrew his application.

NASA had not only not put pressure on the university administration, but, according to several reports, had itself been induced to get McGlathery to withdraw his application. If the matter had been fought out then and there, plans for the institute might have been delayed—a consequence intolerable to the agency's fierce dedication and to the intellectual selfishness of its ghettos.

The following year, a federal court said that McGlathery must be allowed to enter the university, and in June he was enrolled in a mathematics course. He entered without incident, the first Negro student at the University of Alabama. He also flunked the course.

“The grading was done fair and square. The course was just too tough for me, as it was for about half the class,” McGlathery recalled as we sat in his car and talked late into a hot Alabama night. He is a slight, soft-spoken man of 27, and a mathematician of great promise. Following his graduation from Alabama A. & M., a Negro college that admitted a white student on the very day Governor Wallace was defying the government by standing in the doorway at the state university, McGlathery went to work at the U.S. Naval Weapons Laboratory at Dahlgren, Va. After a year there, he asked for and got a transfer to the Space Flight Center.

“I soon realized I would need advance training if I was to move up in my work,” McGlathery said in explaining his reason for seeking ad-

mission to the previously all-white university branch in Huntsville. After failing the course, he waited until January of this year to enroll again, this time in a math class for which he was better prepared. In March, when final grades were posted, McGlathery got an “A.”

Dave McGlathery is not what even a militant black nationalist would call a “yessuh, boss” Negro. But neither is he apt to climb to a roof top and hurl a gasoline bomb at a white policeman. Exposed on one side to the dehumanizing sorcery of space science, and on the other to the echoing demands of Negroes everywhere, he seems uncertain as to his identification with the civil rights movement. There are times when he wishes he could, as he put it, “move around more”—meaning, for instance, that he would like to go bowling when he feels like it. “None of the bowling alleys here will admit Negroes,” he said. He can play golf on the municipal course, but he can't swim in the municipal pool. He can eat in almost any Huntsville restaurant, but he may be charged \$45 for a single hamburger, as one Negro was. When the man complained, the manager pointed to a half-hidden sign that read: “Prices are subject to change without advance notice.”

But if he never bowls again, never goes swimming in a pool that his taxes helped to build, never eats in a restaurant presided over by a host whose mind works overtime on crafty schemes to protect segregation—if he never does any of these things, Dave McGlathery will probably continue to be a very good mathematician, and that may be what matters most to him. In that respect, he is true to the code of the new intellectual ghettos.

Almost all the Negro leaders in and around Huntsville agree that the presence of NASA has helped their community. Even before the nation became obsessed by space exploration, Madison County had more moderate race relations than most of Alabama. Huntsville Chamber of Commerce Manager Jimmy Walker, when asked why that has been so, said: “We've got a high class of niggers here for the most part.”

And Bart Slattery, Jr., former Navy captain who now heads NASA's information office covering Huntsville and the Michoud operations plant in New Orleans, said:

"We've never really had a problem [with race relations] here in Huntsville. There were some lunch counter sit-ins, but nothing more serious." Like most NASA spokesmen, Slattery is quick to point out that there are laws to deal with racial inequality and that the space agency is not a law-enforcement body. That Olympian posture of detachment is constantly being reaffirmed by spokesmen for the agency throughout the space crescent. Fortunately, however, the private industry whose future is dependent in no small measure on the continuation of the space program, is taking no chances. These companies find it prudent policy to assume that NASA is pressing for favorable changes in the Southern social structure. At the very least, they reason, the agency isn't *against* such changes. That is what is meant by "implied pressure." A more accurate term would be "assumed pressure."

One significant result of NASA's presence in Huntsville has been the formation of the Association of Huntsville Area Contractors, whose purpose is to improve the position of Negroes. The association was first proposed in July, 1963, by Milton Cummings of Brown Engineering. Now, with a membership of twenty-eight blue-chip companies, including IBM, Boeing, Westinghouse Electric and others, the association has pledged concerted action to improve conditions of employment, education, housing and local facilities for minority groups.

The executive secretary of AHAC is L. C. McMillan, a Negro who has taken a leave of absence from Prairie View A. & M. College, Prairie View, Tex., where he was registrar and director of admissions.

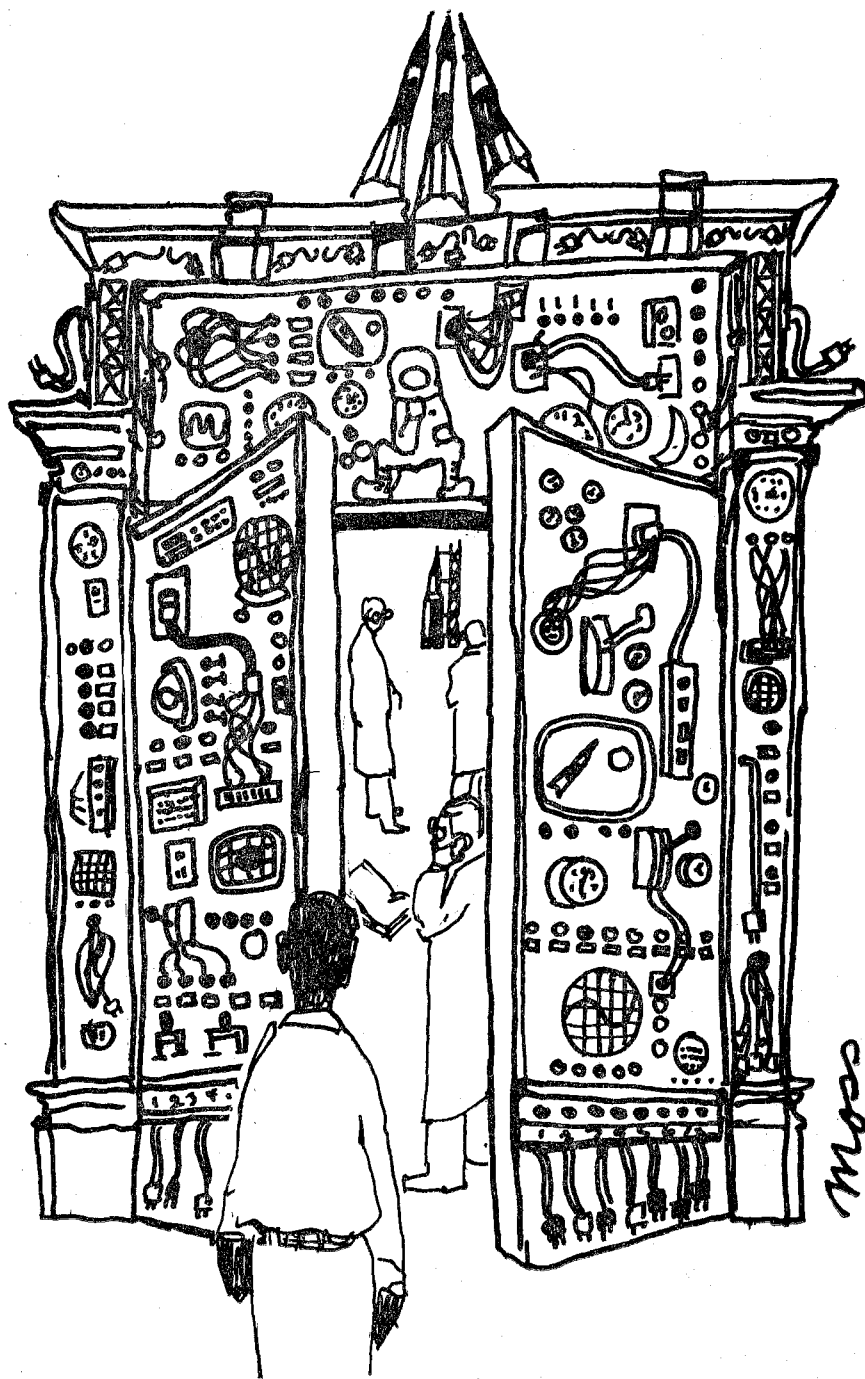
"I believe the concentration of government work here has speeded up desegregation," McMillan said, "but all that has been achieved has come as a result of an unusually healthy climate for such actions." AHAC recognizes the need for more Negro job applicants who are qualified to fit into the space program at levels higher than porter or elevator operator, and is making a survey of current job opportunities and the employment practices of its members. In education, AHAC is drawing from its members offers to schools and colleges of such corporate resources as technical assistance, loans of equipment, educa-

tional exhibits, visual aids and personnel for professional lectures. The group has had a series of meetings with federal housing authorities in Washington, Atlanta and Birmingham in an attempt to relieve the shortage of housing for low- and middle-income minority groups.

This type of action has not yet been taken in the space-impact section of Cape Kennedy and Brevard County, Fla. There, in the pastel-shaded town of Cocoa, Rev. W. Oliver Wells, head of the local chapter of the NAACP, sits in his cramped, windowless study and snaps an old bamboo fan back and forth.

"Even if there are skilled Negroes available," he says, "they will not come here because there is no place for them to live. I know of a Negro who is with General Electric up in the northern part of the state. He wanted to transfer here, but when he learned of housing conditions for Negroes in this area, he decided not to come."

When the tremendous space boom came to the Cocoa part of Brevard County, the need for public housing became acute. It was decided to build these new facilities in the Negro section of the city, and about two-thirds of the area was



taken over by the Housing Authority. The Negroes—some lived in shacks but many had built nice homes—were uprooted and urged to resettle in an outlying district known as Poinsett Gardens—where, incidentally, they would be ineligible to vote in municipal elections.

Poinsett Gardens was once known as Whispering Pines, but no matter how pleasantly "subdivisionish" the name, the area is still a snake swamp. Negroes who had owned comfortable homes in the district taken over by the Housing Authority certainly didn't care to build there, and they earned too much to be eligible for the new public housing. Faced with this dilemma, some took lower-paying jobs in order to qualify; those who were unwilling to downgrade their employment or move in with the snakes had no place to go.

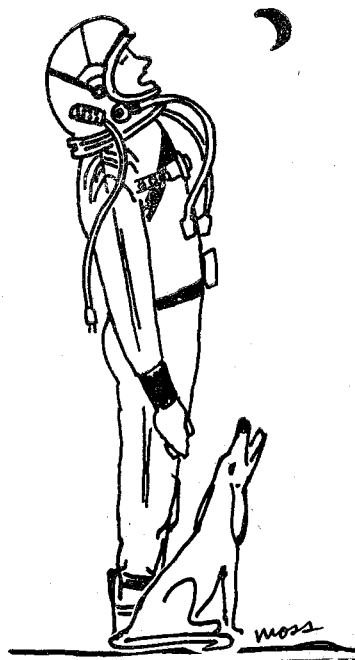
"This [the housing situation] is holding the Negroes here back more than anything else," the Reverend Wells said. "There are no Negroes on the board of the Housing Authority and we can't even get them to hire a Negro in the Housing Authority office. Just walk around Cocoa any night and you will find Negroes sleeping in cars because there is no other place for them."

The government, the Reverend Wells feels, has done little to correct the situation. "NASA and the people at Patrick Air Force Base have, for the most part, kept their hands off. What progress there is has come through the efforts of local people."

Indeed, there is shockingly little government concern for social problems in the Cape Kennedy area. "We have not entered into the social aspects of integration here because we have a goal—to put a man on the moon—and that is what we are concerned with," said a NASA spokesman at the Cape.

Less than a dozen Negro engineers work at the Cape. "For years, they never even had a Negro officer stationed at Patrick Air Force Base," said the Reverend Wells. "We hollered about that and now I think there are two or three out there." There are several Negro policemen in Cocoa, but if they find someone violating a law they must call the station and have a white officer come out to make the arrest.

Despite such handicaps, and almost in spite of NASA, Negroes living in or near any of the crescent



points of activity are usually further along the road to equality than are their fellows in other sections of the Deep South. In New Orleans, for example, labor unions engaged in space work are integrating their rolls, many for the first time. Contractors there make a deliberate effort to hire Negroes in well-paying jobs, and at the sprawling Michoud operations plant segregated rest rooms and cafeterias have been abolished. When NASA let it be known that there would be no separate drinking fountains at the plant, some Southern leaders suggested that the fountains be taken out altogether and paper cups used instead. Housing remains a problem, but by far the most formidable drawback to a Negro seeking to place himself in the technical end of space work is the inadequacy of scientific instruction in Southern Negro colleges and universities.

Nowhere else is the myth of "separate but equal" exposed more openly than in the science departments of Negro and white institutions of higher learning in the South. And the separation and *inequality* become more and more pronounced as the commitment to land a man on the moon in this decade tightens its grip on the crescent. It is imperative to the success of any super-scientific endeavor that there be advanced educational facilities nearby. Where such facilities were lacking in the crescent, NASA created them, through development grants at existing colleges and universities—but always at institutions where

the doctrine of separation of the races has prevailed.

It is true, however, that the generous gifts have begun to chip away at the racial walls of these institutions. It has been done, again, through the device of "assumed pressure." Recent developments at Rice University in Houston illustrate vividly how the process works.

William Marsh Rice founded the university that bears his name in 1891, with the intention that it be tuition-free and for whites only. It was to be a genteel institution where young people could get a very good education without being subjected to the pomposity of Princeton or the union-label democracy of City College of New York. In short, a Rice man could read his Victor Hugo and admit that Jean Valjean had a point, but still maintain that the cotton pickers back on daddy's Harris County spread ought to be satisfied with their 40c an hour. Proximity to a first-rate university specializing in science and engineering was a prime consideration in locating NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center at Houston. In the few years that NASA and the university have worked together, there has been a steady flow of fellowship grants and other monies from Washington to the Rice campus. At least thirty-five fellowships, worth about \$5,000 each, have been awarded to Rice students. In addition, there have been outright research grants to the university.

In March of this year, a district judge agreed with trustees of Rice that the university's flavor had gone sour in the space age. He ruled favorably on their request to set aside William Rice's convictions, and to allow both the charging of tuition and the admission of Negroes. As part of their argument, the trustees said continuation of the university's segregated status would jeopardize the valuable NASA research contracts.

It is not expected that Rice will take in many Negroes. In the first place, entrance requirements are so high that Negroes, handicapped by preparation at all-Negro public schools, will find it very difficult to qualify. Secondly, the new tuition rate has been set at \$1,200 a year. The university will continue to admit as many tuition-free students as available endowment income permits, but Negroes are not likely to be among them. Unless he is bril-

The NATION

liant, wealthy, and probably a graduate student, a Negro need not apply now at newly desegregated Rice University.

NASA money is similarly flowing to universities in other parts of the crescent. It results, of course, in a major emphasis on science and mathematics, and, as they say in the parlance of the ghetto, a "phasing out" of emphasis on the liberal arts, not only in colleges and universities but in public secondary and primary schools as well. In Huntsville, where school enrollment increased from 5,423 in 1956 to more than 23,000 in 1963, it is jokingly claimed that youngsters learn to count down before up. New school construction in Huntsville amounts to one additional classroom every week of the year—classrooms that serve as settings for some of the most competent scientific instruction offered in public schools anywhere in the country.

Public schools in Florida's Brevard County also reflect this profound effect of the space program. The growth of the schools there is from an enrollment of 4,700 in 1952 to the present figure of 41,000; it is still rising. It is estimated that 2,000 of the students have parents who live and work on federal properties, and for each the public school system receives a \$190 yearly "impact payment" from the govern-

ment. Another 16,500 of the 41,000 students have parents who work for the government in some capacity. Public-school enrollment has risen sharply in Houston and New Orleans, too, but because of the size and economic diversity of those cities, the impact of the space program on secondary and primary education is not as clearly outlined.

Brevard County Superintendent of Schools Woodrow J. Darden denies that science and math get a larger boost than do the liberal arts. He did say, though, that the presence of NASA at Cape Kennedy has an effect on what is taught, in that "there is more interest in science and math because of the area in which the students live." He added proudly that the science courses offered in the Brevard system compare favorably with those offered in many small colleges. No one was much surprised, therefore, when Jim Hess, a ninth grader at the county's Satellite High School, was honored by the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronauts for his work in symbolic logic.

The old-time residents of the crescent—those who were there long before Wernher von Braun started tinkering with the V-2 at Peenemünde—are not ready to admit that the social structure is undergoing major changes. The Brevard Civic Chorus still does Faure's

Requiem at the First Methodist Church, and the Cocoa Junior Women's Club commands the Sunday society page spreads in the local papers. The old life continues, and it's still a land where a man mixes his gin with grapefruit juice, and nice ladies pat their foreheads with dabs of perfumed linen and remark, "My goodness gracious, but it's warm today."

But those are surface appearances, and even on the surface the scene is changing. For every native-born soloist in the church musical, there can be found along Cocoa Beach's gaudy motel row two belly dancers from Chicago; for each fat-back-flavored reflection of Old Huntsville First Family pride, there are a dozen new voices calling for sensible liquor laws (how the bootlegger of the Deep South fits into the space age has yet to be made clear).

The impact of NASA on the region goes below the surface, down to where the social soul of the land lies. There, for better or worse—better, mostly—things are happening to isolate the crescent from the rest of the South. The former is readily identifiable by a trend toward moderation in race relations and toward superior education, but if you miss those signs you'll know you're there when you hear both man and hound dog baying at the moon.

The Negro's Priorities

WELFARE or STATUS Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

The Negro will be on a different footing in this country when it becomes common to associate the possession of wealth with a black skin. It is not within the province of human nature that the man who is intelligent and virtuous, and owns and cultivates the best farm in his county, is the largest taxpayer, shall very long be denied proper respect and consideration.

—Booker T. Washington

So far as Mr. Washington apologizes for injustice, North or South, does not rightly value the privilege and duty of voting, belittles the emasculating effects of caste distinctions, and opposes the higher training and ambition of our brighter minds . . . we must unceasingly and firmly oppose [him].

—W. E. B. DuBois

The historic conflict between DuBois and Washington as to how the cause of Negro Americans should be advanced remains embedded in the movement more than sixty years after the two leaders first clashed. Washington held that Negroes could reach the Promised Land by a con-

certed attack on the overwhelming, oppressive poverty that was their lot. They should adopt the Protestant Ethic. After having become *petit bourgeois* in living style and values, they would inevitably be accepted as equal participants in the American democracy. DuBois, in

contrast, insisted that Negroes must first have their common humanity recognized. Only then, when the "emasculating effects of caste distinctions" had been removed, could they expect to claim a share of American affluence. Education should free the spirit "to soar in the dim blue air above the smoke." Negro leaders, DuBois said, should work for the development of men confident of their equality and hence liberated. To put this another

Everett C. Ladd, Jr., who teaches political science at the University of Connecticut, is the author of the forthcoming Negro Political Leadership in the South (Cornell University Press).

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way, Washington was insisting on the primacy of welfare goals, and DuBois of status goals. The structure of American race relations has changed since 1900, but the movement is still debating the merits of these two positions.

Welfare goals involve "gut" needs: More jobs and higher incomes, more and better schools, better medical care, more political representation, safe travel for children to and from school. These are *things*, goods and services, and relate to the standard of living of the group. They are compelling for Americans in general, but particularly for an underprivileged group like the Negro Americans who do not benefit adequately from the riches of the society. Status goals seek the *integration* of Negroes into all phases of community life. They involve in the first instance the "social prestige" of the group and from this the individual member's image of himself. Demands for integration of schools, housing, recreational facilities, hospitals, and the various other services and facilities are the attempt of a group branded inferior by white America to gain full partnership.

Welfare and status goals are certainly not always mutually exclusive; in many instances some of both benefits can be obtained. Nei-

ther are the compartments watertight. Better jobs confer higher status, and the integration of swimming pools is one means of improving the quality of recreational facilities open to Negroes. For Rev. Milton A. Galamison and the City-Wide Committee for Integrated Schools, improvement of the education of Negro children in New York City and the full integration of the schools in the face of residential segregation are inseparable. "You just can't lump together 800 children who differ from national norms and standards in almost every way and manufacture a graduating class that matches national or city-wide norms," Mr. Galamison has said. The low expectations of both teacher and student necessarily mean poor education in the ghetto school.

Still, neither Negroes nor whites have difficulty distinguishing between the central thrust of welfare and status. Whatever our reactions, we can see the difference between the construction of additional low-cost public housing and the integration of all-white housing units or neighborhoods. And on many issues Negro leaders must, as a matter of practical strategy, choose between the two kinds of goals. Most of them recognize that the problems of Negro Americans will not be solved

until both status and welfare are attained; hence in a sense they all want the same thing. But that "thing" is so general as to be of little help in choosing among competing objectives on the day-to-day level. Washington and DuBois both saw that a decision to emphasize welfare or status carried with it broad implications for the whole race movement. So do Negro leaders in the 1960s. To understand the gravity of these implications, one must observe the reactions of whites and Negroes to the two kinds of advancement, and the inner tension of the goals themselves.

White America is more hostile to status objectives of the Negro revolt than to its welfare goals. And that is nothing new. In *An American Dilemma*, Gunnar Myrdal compiled a "rank order of discriminations," based on the importance white Southerners attached to the various types. At the bottom—discriminations to which the white South was not strongly attached and which, presumably, it would give up most readily—were those that involved "securing land, credit, jobs, or other means of earning a living, and discrimination in public relief and other social welfare activities." This is the province of welfare. At the top, and second only to sexual relations between Negro men and white women, were "the barriers against dancing, bathing, eating, drinking together and social intercourse generally. . . ." The recent William Brink-Louis Harris study, *The Negro Revolution in America* (Simon & Schuster) shows the same pattern.

There is substantial evidence that whites will accede to welfare claims quite sweeping in their impact, while rejecting status goals the effects of which are marginal. In August, 1963, for example, a newly elected Statesville, N.C., city council, under pressure from the Negro community, passed a resolution asking the recreation commission to begin planning desegregation of its public facilities. At issue were the city's two swimming pools, one for whites, one for Negroes. Irate whites forced a recall election, the first ever held in North Carolina, and the six councilmen were defeated. The challengers had promised during the recall campaign that, if victorious, they would submit the question of using taxes for integrated pools to a vote. The ref-

erendum would have resulted in the closing of both pools—other cities through the South have dispensed with public swimming pools rather than operate them on an integrated basis. Greenville, S. C., for example, turned its Cleveland Park swimming pool into a home for sea lions, and now enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the South that has public swimming for sea lions but not for human beings.

But in Statesville, after some litigation, Negroes backed away from their integration demands. Rev. Robert Woods, president of the Statesville NAACP branch, and other local Negro leaders went to the new, "anti-Negro" city council and to the Merchants Association, and said in effect: "Meet some of our welfare needs and we will forget about integrating the pools." Mayor J. Garner Bagnal said, "To us, this made an awful lot of sense." Negroes also agreed to stop picketing and other forms of demonstrating. In return, they received about 300 additional industrial jobs, some retail sales positions and some job training. The Reverend Woods was satisfied. "We feel that the program has worked well. . . . The progress that has been made is evidence that the program is working. We are especially pleased with the progress in job opportunities. . . ."

Statesville has been a "tough" city for Negroes and the above accomplishments are important. But there has been opposition to the Negro-white "pact." Another prominent Negro clergyman, Rev. Wilson Lee, criticized it strongly; state and national NAACP officials have had grave misgivings. Statesville Negroes, after all, endorsed a plan that labels all 4,000 of them unfit for immersion with skins of lighter hue. They assented to a stamp of inferiority. They sacrificed a status goal for a welfare gain.

While the wisdom of Negro participation in the Statesville pact is thus open to question, there is no doubt that the whites acceded to welfare objectives more readily than they ever would have to status goals. Why? Perhaps it is sexual fear, as Myrdal and many other observers have suggested. The achievement of status is seen as promoting social contact between white females and Negro males, and that is undesirable, indeed unthinkable, because

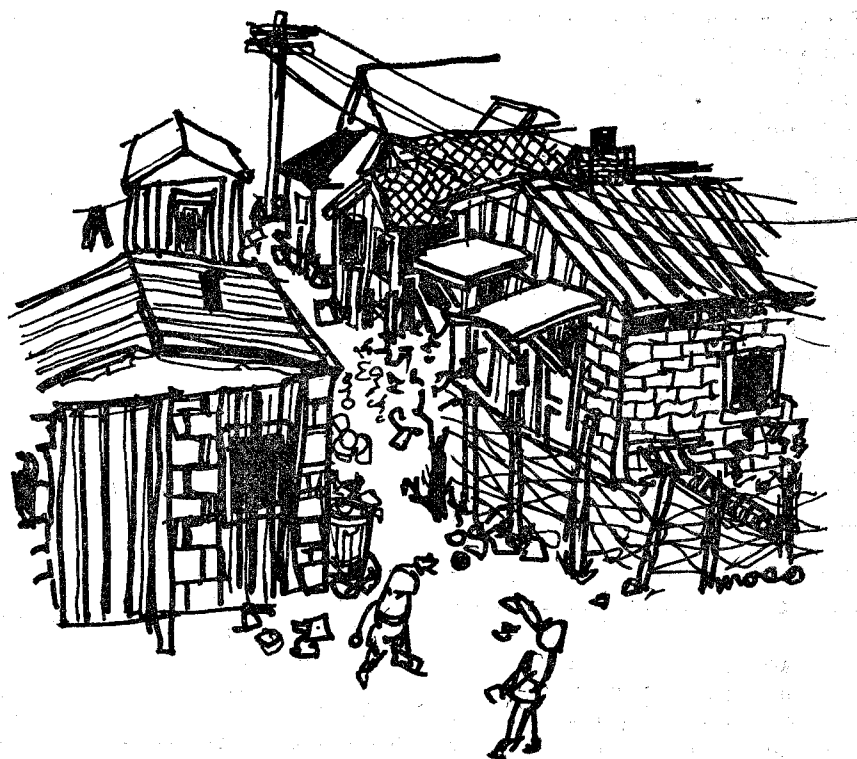
the Negro male is either sexually dangerous (rape) or dangerously sexual (irresistible appeal). Variations on the sexual theme are frequently heard when white opposition to integration is expressed. "Negroes are oversexed." "They're wild." "They carry razors, knives, and rape women." "God made the bluebird and the blackbird, and you never see them in the same nest." And, of course, there is that old American favorite, "Would you want your daughter to marry one?"

Perhaps, on the other hand, the severe status insecurity of many egalitarian Americans—first noted by Alexis de Tocqueville 130 years ago—is partly responsible. The overwhelming hostility in 1959 of Deerfield, Ill., residents to the decision of Modern Community Developers to build an integrated housing subdivision in that Chicago suburb (fourteen homes at \$35,000 each, to be sold to Negroes) seems explicable only in status terms. Would someone who had "really arrived" live next door to a Negro? But whatever the explanation, the greater white hostility to status goals is a basic assumption among Negro leaders. It must always be considered when the movement is selecting its goals.

In parallel with this white position, almost every survey that has been published indicates that Negroes believe their most pressing

needs to be in the welfare area—principally more and better jobs and better housing. It might seem, then, that a neat congruence of white and Negro interests is at hand. But the difference between a relatively detached interview situation and the front line of race relations is very large. When Negro Americans are actually confronted by competing welfare and status goals, the appeal of the latter frequently proves irresistible. Those who would sacrifice status for welfare find themselves labeled "Toms" and worse. Furthermore, status objectives are probably most important to the politically active Negro, and though he is in a minority, his voice is heard and his opinions count. Activists, typically, have escaped the most severe economic deprivations, but greater economic security and a taste of social mobility have left them the more exposed to the brutal status denials of American race relations.

More important, in actual social situations status goals seem to offer a more immediate emancipation from the damning, pervasive stamp of inferiority. Integration of eating establishments, in the last three years a major status objective in the South, has a greater immediacy and reality than do employment advances—the accomplishment can immediately be seen. The type of racial confrontation involved in di-



rect-action demonstrations gives participants a sense of personal commitment — they directly challenge long-standing wrongs — and direct action is better suited to the pursuit of status than of welfare. Finally, since whites are more strongly opposed to status, these goals maximize the dynamic content of race. They polarize the two communities, heighten racial consciousness. Twisting "whitey's" tail is good politics, and because whites react violently to changes of status their tail is the more vulnerable to twisting. The Negro revolt will continue to go in directions toward which white America does not want it to go, in part (and, of course, only in part) precisely because white America does not want it to go in those directions.

Negro Americans are not united, however, on the primacy of status goals, and the division is largely between militants and moderates. A characteristic of militant leadership is its preoccupation with status objectives; of moderate leadership, an emphasis on welfare. Recently, militant leaders in a North Carolina city integrated previously all-white swimming pools, and then found themselves under great pressure to use the "white" pools only on a token basis. Otherwise, they were told, demands to close all the pools

(including the "Negro" pools) might prove too strong. One militant summed up his colleagues' response to this: "Close them up! Close them all up if necessary! I will never agree to any compromise where we in effect stop using the pools. If they are closed, the whites suffer too. If they are left open, but segregated, only we suffer." But the moderates gauged the issue differently. "We must see to it that the pools remain open, so that all our young people will have this recreation. This is the main point. Keep the pools open!"

Negro leaders in Greenville, S.C., were asked in 1963 whether they favored petitioning the state legislature for a state-supported Negro college in the area (there isn't a Negro college within 100 miles of the city). Greenville militants rejected the proposal out of hand. Negroes must be integrated into the existing system of higher education, and creating a college for Negroes would only slow the process. Some admitted that there would continue to be a need for existing Negro colleges. Still, they asked incredulously, "Would you really expect us to ask for segregation?" Moderates, however, spoke of the importance of getting more educational facilities for Negroes. They insisted that a new Negro college would not affect in-

tegration, but would simply expand educational opportunities. This division occurs again and again.

The conflict between status and welfare becomes particularly acute and perplexing in those frequent instances where the nature of the goals is such that each carries within itself a denial of the other. Negroes of Winston-Salem, N.C., faced this dilemma in 1959 when the local white leadership decided to seek voter approval of a bond issue to build a new public hospital.

An expanding population had produced serious overcrowding in Winston-Salem hospitals. But despite the need for a new hospital, it was opposed by many who were reluctant to assent to a sharp increase in the county's bonded indebtedness. Recognizing that the opposition was powerful, the pro-hospital leaders began a major campaign to win voter approval. In this campaign the substantial Negro electorate (almost 20 per cent of the county total) was not forgotten. There would have been little difficulty in gaining Negro support had the pro-hospital leadership been willing to state that the new plant would be open to all. But it would not do so. Some simply did not want Negroes in the new hospital; others

(Continued on page 260)

IN ARAB HANDS Joel Lieber

On December 21, 1963, at tiny B'nei Yakov Bridge—in Ottoman and Mandate Days, it was the major transit point on the Tiberias-Damascus highway—eleven Israeli prisoners were exchanged for eighteen Syrian prisoners. Supervising United Nations personnel stationed at the now-little-used bridge observed that the faces of seven of the Israelis were apathetic masks, and that the men were totally oblivious to their surroundings. While UN officers were escorting him over the Jordan River to the Israeli side, Reuven Liebes, who had spent the previous eleven years in Syrian prisons, sud-

denly shouted: "It was unbelievable. It was too horrible for words. There are still more of them back there."

At the moment, on that piece of neutral ground in northern Galilee, Liebes was considered "the maddest of the lot." As it developed, however, Liebes was invincibly sane; he returned to engineering school, became engaged and, miraculously, picked up where he had left off eleven years earlier. The seven whose appearance had distressed observers at the bridge were, according to Israeli psychiatrists, hopelessly insane, in a state of complete mental and physical ruin from treatment suffered during periods varying from five to eleven years in Syrian prison camps.

The story behind the prisoner exchange at B'nei Yakov Bridge was withheld by Israeli authorities

pending an examination of the returnees by the Red Cross or the UN World Health Organization. In order to leave no doubt as to the barbarisms heaped on the men, Israeli authorities asked these organizations to inspect the prisoners and issue a report on their condition.

Refusal came first from the Red Cross, which explained that it could not, as a matter of policy, become involved in a political dispute. The WHO then declined to act on the ground that such investigations did not fall within its jurisdiction.

Continuing to withhold the details of the men's condition and treatment, Israel then attempted to convene an international panel of psychiatric experts. But one English doctor's schedule was too tight, and one Swiss doctor couldn't get away, and soon Israeli embassy of-

Joel Lieber, an American free-lance journalist, has lived recently in Israel for more than a year. He is the author of Israel on \$5 a Day (Arthur Frommer).

ficers abroad were informed that the probable "political repercussions" prevented foreign experts from accepting the invitation, their governments not wanting to become involved in so delicate an affair.

So, by last spring, the plan for issuing an objective report by some international psychiatric board was dropped. Israeli psychiatrists then issued a terse statement noting that the seven former prisoners, all now in mental hospitals, were "completely insensitive to reality," "severely disoriented," "unable to give organized details of their imprisonment," and in such advanced psychotic states as to make an eventual rehabilitation "unlikely."

Liebes, however, remembered everything, and psychiatrists came to regard him as a living refutation of the English penal code dictum that after ten years as a POW no man can be expected to have his faculties intact. Liebes told officials and doctors, with what is described as "extraordinary accuracy as to times and dates," how he learned Arabic and English during his imprisonment, and simply refused to believe his jailers' oft-repeated contentions that the Israel Government, when the Syrians announced their desire to return him, had replied that it did not want Liebes back.

The 30-year-old Liebes was born in Poland, where his parents were soon killed by the Nazis, and where he endured the war in a number of hiding places. After being farmed out to various camps and orphanages, he arrived in Israel in 1951 at the age of 17. The following year, in 1952, he was abducted in a Syrian border raid.

Liebes told questioners of "routine beatings" with a whip on the soles of the feet; of setting wild dogs on the prisoners (which drove one of his fellows insane); of bodies smeared with honey and staked out in the sun at the mercy of flies; of electric shock applied to the genitals; of pummelings by new guards every time a new Damascus regime swept into power; of solitary confinement, sometimes extended as long as three months; of the lack of medical attention (one of the men went mad from an untreated rupture which over a nine-year period developed to the size of a watermelon). Psychiatrists are still talking to Liebes, trying to determine what strength of character kept him

together for eleven fantastic years, when his comrades, none of whom had been imprisoned for as long, disintegrated one by one.

The prisoner swap at the B'nei Yakov Bridge had been in the making for more than ten years. During this time Israel, through the UN Mixed Armistice Commission, sent dozens of letters to Syria, requesting a prisoner exchange. The Syrians denied holding the men whose names appeared on the Israeli lists; at the same time, they



Refrigier

refused UN or Red Cross officials access to the prisons in Palmyra and Damascus where intelligence reported that the men would be found. Even a Security Council request for the prisoner swap was rejected by the Syrian authorities, who continued to claim that they held no Israeli prisoners. The existence of the prisoners was indicated in several ways. An Israeli turncoat, who had broadcast in Arabic from Radio Damascus and had later settled in Czechoslovakia, underwent a change of heart and sent Israeli officials the names of fifteen or so Israeli prisoners whom he had seen. In confirmation, hired Arab informants provided lists bearing almost the identical names.

Early in 1963, Syria suddenly announced that it would release eight prisoners. Damascus would supply no names, but this was at least an admission that prisoners were indeed in Syrian hands. At this point Israel held a total of eighteen Syrian prisoners and wanted an approximately equal number in exchange. Damascus countered this demand by charging that Israel actually held fifty Syrians, and stated that all must be returned. Israel termed the

number fantastic, but added that six or seven deserters from the Syrian army had eventually married, settled in Israel and taken out citizenship. Upon interviewing these men, the UN agreed they could not be forcibly repatriated.

The charges and countercharges as to the number of prisoners held by each side brought the exchange negotiations to the breaking-off point. The UN then pressed Israel to exchange all the Syrians it held for all the prisoners the Syrians would release, and the exchange went through under these conditions.

Both Israeli and UN observers attested that the returning Syrians were "strong and healthy, wearing good clothes" and "able to cross the bridge under their own power." In addition to Liebes, the only sane Israeli returnees were two men and a woman who had had the misfortune, six months earlier, to be in a boat on the Sea of Galilee with three Belgian friends when a sudden storm swept them onto the northeast shore line. According to the UN Armistice Agreement, the shore line is in Israeli territory, but the Syrians held the group, releasing the Belgians after two weeks, and holding the others until the prisoner exchange a half year later. Rumors circulated in Israel as to what the Syrian soldiers had done to the woman turned out to be untrue; the three said that the "worst" consisted of several beatings and a few whippings on the soles of the feet.

Exactly how some of the Israelis found themselves in Syria in the first place is still not entirely clear: two, including Liebes, were soldiers known to have been captured in a Syrian border ambush in 1952; two mistakenly crossed over in a poorly marked border region, and the stories of the others, two of whom had a history of mental illness, are still "unintelligible."

Liebes explained later that his outburst on the bridge, far from being hysterical, "was designed to impress on the UN people examining me that we had suffered inhuman treatment in the Syrian prisons. I felt my making a fuss might prompt them to renew their efforts to secure the release of the others. There are still ten more in Syrian prisons."

Inevitably, Liebes was asked why he and the others had never tried

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THE ULTRAS

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to escape. He explained that one prison in which he was kept, in Damascus, was located within the grounds of an army camp; the other, in Palmyra, was in the middle of the desert, on the Iraqi border. Only two prisoners had tried to escape: one, Liebes said, was found and shot within twelve hours, and the other was caught and put on reduced rations in solitary confinement until he died—"he just wasted away."

Five of the ten Israelis known still to be held are feared in worse condition than those recently returned. As before, the Syrians deny their existence, but it is presumed that they are being kept for possible bartering in the future. The Red Cross is unwilling to investigate their condition in Syria, explaining that it is concerned only with the exchange of war prisoners. (The fact that Syria never signed an armistice with Israel and still considers itself very much "at war" apparently does not influence the agency's decision.)

Even the United Nations admits it can do nothing more than "carry letters from the proper Israeli authorities to the proper Syrian authorities." Privately, UN officials acknowledge "almost complete helplessness," not only in the agonizing prisoner negotiations, but also in its efforts to restrain Syria from constant border harassments around the Sea of Galilee, which most often take the form of firing on farmers and fishermen.

"Still, we go on trying," a UN official said. On which an Israeli army major commented, "Yes, they try, but nothing happens. But then, once the UN stops caring, who else will care? World opinion has never been an influence, because what is the torture and murder of a handful of Israelis, compared to the murder of six million people? For the six million, world opinion was equally nonexistent.

"The only difference is that some of these people now are being tortured three times as long as the concentration camp victims. Reuven Liebes endured thirty years so he can finally begin his life now. And perhaps somewhere in Syria there is still another Liebes who has withstood the nightmare, not merely for three years, but for eleven years. We can't afford to waste such people."

The NATION

The House That Homo Sapiens Built

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

By Jacques Ellul. Translated from the French by John Wilkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 449 pp. \$10.95.

Robert Theobald

The Technological Society is one of the most important books of the second half of the 20th century. In it, Jacques Ellul, Professor of History and Contemporary Sociology at Bordeaux University, convincingly demonstrates that technology, which we continue to conceptualize as the servant of man will overthrow everything that prevents the internal logic of its development, including humanity itself—unless we take the necessary steps to move human society out of the environment that “technique” is creating to meet its own needs.

Ellul devotes his whole volume to an examination of this “technique” which he defines in the following way: “. . . technique is the *totality of methods rationally arrived at and having absolute efficiency* (for a given stage of human development) in every field of human activity.” Ellul’s argument can best be set out using his own words: “. . . in our civilization technique is in no way limited. It has been extended to all spheres and encompasses every activity, including human activities. It has led to a multiplication of means without limit. It has perfected indefinitely the instruments available to man, and put at his disposal an almost limitless variety of intermediaries and auxiliaries. Technique has been extended geographically so that it covers the whole earth.” And later: “Within the technical circle nothing else can subsist because technique’s proper motion, as Jünger has shown, tends irresistibly toward completeness. To the degree that this completeness is not yet attained, technique is advancing, eliminating every lesser force.”

Ellul believes that “. . . there is no common denominator between the technique of today and that of yesterday. Today we are dealing with an utterly different phenomenon. Those who claim to deduce from man’s technical situation in past centuries his situation in this one show they have grasped nothing of the technological phenomenon.”

For Ellul, the most important consequence of the technical drive is the destruction of all that is human. Examining the progress of technique in production, Ellul states: “In a great corporation, the workers are more than ever enslaved and scarcely in a position to act in a distinctively human way. Even the consumer is frequently imposed upon. The integration of the individual into the technical complex is more complete than ever before.”

Ellul also makes the same point at a higher level of analysis:

It is not in the power of the individual or of the group to decide to follow some method other than the technical. The individual is in a dilemma: either he decides to safeguard his freedom of choice, chooses to use traditional, personal, moral or empirical means, thereby entering into competition with a power against which there is no efficacious defense and before which he must suffer defeat; or he decides to accept technical necessity, in which case he will himself be the victor, but only by submitting irreparably to technical slavery. In effect he has no freedom of choice.

Ellul’s thesis is not actually as strong or as complete as he would probably make it today: the original French version, entitled *Le Technique*, was written in 1952 and published in 1954, and it was then impossible to anticipate the speed of development of the computer. Thus, although Ellul deals with the danger of a police state in the technical world, he was not able to examine the effects of a computerized police information network whose present tentative beginnings are now being planned in New York State (*The New York Times*, Sept. 17, 1964) and which could easily be expanded onto a nation-wide basis within the next decade. Nor did he consider the possibilities of tying the computer into techniques of increasing sales; today, however, a computer program has already been developed which makes it possible to insure that every phone-equipped family within a certain area receives an intermittently repeated tape-recorded message. At present levels of sophistication, the effects of the ongoing computer technology clearly strengthen Ellul’s thesis.

Ellul makes the case that technique is presently remaking man and that if this process continues it will eventually sweep aside any obstacles placed in its way including human society—*unless we take steps to end the present subordination of human processes to technological ends.* During a recent conversation with Ellul, he assured me that he had written his book with the precise intention of explicating and illustrating this view, that he was making a hypothetical case to show what would happen if mankind allowed itself to be swept along by the technological order. He had previously told me that the *original* version contained a lengthy section discussing ways of releasing men from the technical influence. But this section did not appear in the French edition nor is it included here.

It is deeply unfortunate that only the first part of Ellul’s original two-part manuscript is presented in *The Technological Society*, and that the published book therefore reads like a prediction of the inevitable future, rather than a description of one possible line of development and the necessity for its avoidance. The book as presently published not only states that technique may destroy humanity but that it *will* destroy humanity. It is practically impossible to find any remnants of Ellul’s privately held view; one of the few remaining in the published text is this: “The technical society must perfect the ‘man-machine’ system or risk total collapse. Is there no other way out? I am convinced that there is.” However, this affirmation of faith is denied repeatedly in the course of the book, for example in the statement: “The most important thing is that man, practically speaking, no longer possesses any means of bringing action to bear upon technique. He is unable to limit it or even to orient it.” This must therefore be the position discussed here; I will, however, return to Ellul’s private position at the end of this review.

The thesis presented in *The Tech-*

Robert Theobald’s main concern in recent years has been the effect of science and technology on the economy and society. His most recent book is Free Men and Free Markets, large portions of which were printed in The Nation before publication. In that book, he detailed his proposal for a guaranteed annual income.

nological Society is of course alien to existing technologically oriented modes of thought. Those committed to the implementation of maximum-efficiency systems will be looking for weaknesses in the argument. Unfortunately, these are not too difficult to find. There are occasional exaggerations which are clearly unjustified:

In the past, when an individual entered into conflict with society, he led a harsh and miserable life that required a vigor which either hardened or broke him. Today the concentration camp and death await him; technique cannot tolerate aberrant activities.

In addition, many readers will feel that Ellul commits the most modern of sins: he nourishes an unrealizable longing for a mythical past. At the beginning of the volume Ellul argues:

Men now live in conditions that are less than human. Consider the concentration of our great cities, the slums, the lack of space, of air, of time, the gloomy streets, and the sallow lights which confuse night and day. Think of our dehumanized factories, our unsatisfied senses, our working women, our estrangement from nature. Life in such an environment has no meaning.

These are minor flaws within the sweep of Ellul's thesis and do not, in my opinion, invalidate his general point that technique has become the dominant force in the world today, and that it does dehumanize. Ellul essentially argues that mankind cannot abandon technique ("the totality of methods rationally arrived at and having absolute efficiency in every field of human activity") because this would mean the deliberate acceptance of irrationality. "If we disown technique," he says, "we abandon the domain of science and enter into that of hypothesis and theory."

Ellul thus effectively forecloses any argument about the primacy of technique, for it is clear that man cannot abandon rationality. But Ellul leaves suspended the questions he raises: Can rationality and technique justifiably be equated? Will technique, once defined as rationality, necessarily lead to the dire results which he forecasts? The underlying ambiguity of Ellul's position is inherent in the following quotation:

... man ... does not make a choice of complex and, in some way, human motives. He can decide only in favor of the technique that gives the maximum efficiency. But this is not choice. A machine could effect the same operation.

Such a statement, however, is effectively meaningless. What does Ellul mean by efficiency? For the very concept of maximizing efficiency is only meaningful in human affairs if we have some end in view other than the maximization of efficiency itself. Ellul ignores this fact, claiming that: "... it is possible to speak of the 'reality' of technique—with its own substance, its own particular mode of being, and a life independent of our power of decision." Such a statement cannot possibly be justified; technique advances because individuals make decisions which advance technique. What Ellul is really describing, therefore, is the crux of our modern dilemma: that our present society is organized in such a way that those making decisions find themselves forced to advance technique. Why does this occur? In order to answer this question we must re-examine fundamental Western values and the drives to which they give rise in the context of advancing technology.

In today's world:

(1) Every country must try to be in a position to defend itself against all potential aggressors. As a result, each country must accept and indeed encourage any technical improvement in weaponry. The cybernation revolution, by increasing the efficiency of production, makes it possible to manufacture more weapons without cutting into the production of consumer goods—thus minimizing one of the prime constraints on weaponry production in the past.

(2) Every country must remain competitive so that it is able to export enough to pay for its imports. This requires each nation to accept and indeed encourage any technological development in production. The combination of the cybernation revolution, which has led to unused productive capacity for many goods, plus the research and development revolution, which has led to large-scale innovation, insures that the speed of technological advance required to remain competitive increases constantly.

(3) Means must be found to insure that demand grows as fast as available production. This requires that techniques which will result in increased demand must be accepted and indeed encouraged.

These are the three constraints which together are imposing the technological order upon us. They insure that technique continues to drive forward. But, in my opinion, Ellul totally fails to prove that technique will in-

evitably destroy human society. Societal constraints can always be changed by societies acting on the principle of cooperation, both internally and externally. Indeed, these present constraints not only *can* be changed but *must* be changed, if we are to be able to live in the new era which the continuing development of technique has brought into existence. The nature of this new era is as different from the industrial age as the industrial age was different from the agricultural.

First, there is no longer any real limit to our productive abilities. U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has expressed this reality in the following terms: "The truth, the central stupendous truth about developed countries today is that they can have, in anything but the shortest run, the kind and scale of resources they decide to have. . . . It is no longer resources that limit decisions. It is the decision that makes the resources. This is the fundamental revolutionary change, perhaps the most revolutionary mankind has ever known." We can provide every individual with the amount of resources required for a decent life by the end of the 20th century.

Second, man need no longer be tied to degrading toil: man's mind is no longer necessary for repetitive physical or mental tasks. Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American*, has put it this way: "The new development of our technology is the replacement of human beings by automatic controls and by the computer that ultimately integrates the functions of the automatic control units at each point in the productive process (*italics mine*). The human muscle began to be disengaged from the productive process at least a hundred years ago. Now the human mind is being disengaged." By the end of the 20th century, we should be able to develop each individual's capacity rather than socialize him in such a way that he will serve the productive system.

Third, modern weaponry provides unlimited destructive power capable of destroying not only civilization but all life. This is now so well known as to need no further discussion.

The constraints which at present insure the future dominance of technique must be eliminated if humanity is to survive. The present requirement that every country must try to be in a position to defend itself against all potential aggressors must be changed and disputes must be settled on the basis

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of world law. The present requirement that all nations must export enough to pay for their imports must be changed so that those who need additional goods, particularly the poor countries, receive them as a right. The requirement that demand grow as fast as available production must be changed through granting an absolute right to a guaranteed income, with the result that production becomes subordinated to the needs and desires of the individual and society. Research has already begun to indicate mankind's possible escape route from the philosophical trap which technique, in its more negative aspects, represents.

We have become aware in recent years that the socio-economic system as a whole is at present favorably organized for the implementation of technique and that, as individuals, we are in a continuing state of anticipation of new technological phenomena: that we are preconditioned to them. It is clear to each of us, as individuals, that we are becoming accustomed to responding to the forces of technique in our daily lives; it is less immediately obvious that these same forces are reorganizing us as a collectivity, that

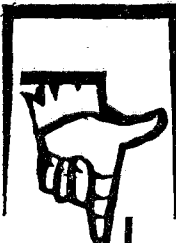
the technical drive acts upon the entire socio-economic system. Individually, we can do little to resist the reforming drive of technique; collectively, we can both resist this drive and create a counter-drive toward a socio-economic system based on human not mechanical principles. But there is the danger, which Ellul discusses at some length, that in order to confront and overcome an impersonal organizing drive we will find ourselves automatically developing a form of organization which is itself impersonal; where individuals act merely as units which respond mechanically, or feed back information as to why they cannot respond, and then are aided in an adjustment process in order to be able to make the technically appropriate response. We must find a means of enabling individuals to express themselves as human beings; we must discover a way of establishing a communication system which will facilitate more than the mere relating of unit to unit in a total system ending toward ever-greater perfection of unit adjustment. It is precisely here that technique can itself be used to combat its own negative aspects, for it is now becoming evident that, through

technique, new forms and means of human communication could emerge.

It is perhaps useful to remember that when the potential for new systems of communication first became apparent in the early fifties, it was automatically assumed that such communication would join human beings more closely together. At that time there was little realization of the possibility that the new communication systems which had been developed during the wartime and quasi-wartime periods to enable machine to communicate with machine, would continue to be primarily used to facilitate machine communication and not be adapted for effective human use. It was not recognized that human beings could be separated from one another by intrusive, impersonal communication systems. Curiously, as this unfortunate development proceeded, theoretical discussion of the problems and possibilities of the new communication systems has been increasingly muted.

Ellul's book is unquestionably the most pessimistic description and discussion of machine-to-machine communication systems in print. Recently, Marshal McLuhan, director of the Cen-

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ter for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, outlined his appraisal of the possibilities and potential of technique (the Media) in his most recent book *Understanding Media* (see *The Nation*, Oct. 5, 1964). While sharing with Ellul the realistic and fundamental understanding that technique cannot merely be considered as neutral "means," McLuhan argues convincingly that technique calls forth new modes of perception, new ways of thinking, and new reactions in the human mind which can

be more valuable for the development of human capabilities than the limited, lineal thinking still current in the industrial age.

In many ways, the argument of McLuhan's book would be acceptable to Ellul as a statement of technique in its positive aspect, and it could, indeed, be held to approximate the position outlined in the second (unpublished) part of *Le Technique*. A reading of both books together is strongly recommended to any interested in the future of mankind.

Hurtsog, Hairtsog, Heart's Hog?

HERZOG. By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. 341 pp. \$5.75.

George P. Elliott

Herzog: what a title. On the realistic surface, the word is a name you can find in telephone books, free of English meaning or association. But there are cracks in the realistic façade. The name is German but is it also Jewish? And how is it pronounced, Hurtsog, Hurzog, Hairtsog? In the pidgin of the (American) unconscious, it puts "heart" and "hog" together in all sorts of silly ways, with "sog" in the offing. These, then, are juxtaposed to the literal German meaning "duke." Duke Heart's Hog. . . . No more silliness: Professor Moses Herzog, scholar. *Moses Herzog*! This middle-aged nut, this writer of unsent letters, this naive cuckold—a law-giver! Don't laugh. He suffered a lot. His second wife betrayed him with his best friend, he tried with all his mind to make sense of the crazy world, God knows he had his weaknesses, he was a little crazy himself there for a while. That's true, he suffered, he really did, even though he is a bit snobbish about his suffering like a good many Jews. . . . Herzog, a complicated man worth knowing.

Ceaseless mental play of words—the life of this book is in the high-wire play of mind. Without this verbal play, Herzog would not be worth knowing: neither the book nor the man.

When knowing the central character is the point of a book—biography, confession, novel—then the radical question is: "Why is this person worth knowing?" Usually he has some extraordinary qualities of his own (Dr. Johnson) or is part of a good tale (Cortez). It takes real nerve to build a whole book on an unevent-

ful day in the life of a Leopold Bloom. Still, there are ways to write stories which can ruin the most interesting subject. Set a definitive biographer to work piling up facts, and even Gandhi's life would disappear shapeless under the cairn.

Herzog, like most characters, is neither a Gandhi, so interesting that it would take a perverted anti-writer to make him dull, nor a Bloom, so uninteresting that only a perverted super-writer would think of telling his non-story. The book has no plot, but at least Herzog is in an intense situation, full of hate for the treacherous wife and friend; at least he does something, nowhere near enough to keep you reading for the story's sake, but something. He is a rather typical character in modern American fiction, alienated, baffled; but he has an intellect almost exactly as extraordinary as Saul Bellow's, one which raises him to a realm altogether brighter than the smog in which Chicago characters usually seem to live, Sister Carrie, Studs Lonigan, Bigger Thomas, Frankie Machine. But intellectual vigor is not in itself enough to make a character worth knowing. As a subject, Herzog is down toward the Bloom end of the scale: meager of story, somewhat colorless of person, his life is sustained in the reader's mind by his creator's prose. The play of Bellow's prose causes in the reader's mind a play analogous to the play of Herzog's mind. Of no live character, real or fictional, is it truer to say: "The style is the man."

Take those letters he is forever writing, seldom finishing, never sending:

Dear Mama, as to why I haven't visited your grave in so long . . .

Dear Wanda, Dear Zinka, Dear Libbie, Dear Ramona, Dear Sono,

I need help in the worst way. I am afraid of falling apart. Dear Edvig, the fact is that madness also has been denied me. I don't know why I should write to you at all. Dear Mr. President, Internal Revenue regulations will turn us into a nation of bookkeepers. The life of every citizen is becoming a business. This, it seems to me, is one of the worst interpretations of the meaning of human life history has ever seen. Man's life is not a business.

Quirky, leaping, sometimes silly, sometimes piercing—such is Herzog's mind, such the prose of the letters and of the entire novel.

It is far from the self-effacing prose of most fiction, of realistic novels. It is much closer to the style of the "anatomy," Rabelais, Robert Burton. Among novelists, it has a good deal in common, functionally, with the prose of *Tristram Shandy* and *Ulysses*. That is, it is erudite, allusive, and full of tricks, and in itself it is the main source of the reader's pleasure. Because of the prose, Herzog is the first intellectual in American fiction whose mind is fully a part of him, who is all there in the reader's imagination. This is not the least of the reasons why the first round of literary-intellectual reviewers liked the book so much. To be sure, a style sets its own limits. How *Herzog* works on a willing reader who is nonliterary, nonintellectual and non-American, I cannot guess. Meanwhile let us revel in the book who can. Besides, as soon as Herzog gets to Chicago, everything picks up and the style expands to include all who will.

Of course Herzog isn't identical with the style. The book is not a confession, an arrangement of words projecting a self directly and immediately. The man personally is not as funny as the style. He is humorous, he sometimes does ludicrous things, he laughs at himself. But we readers laugh a lot more than he does. Our laughter may often be painful, since we do not cease to sympathize with him in his silliness and misfortune. Still, we do laugh.

Try telling someone what *Herzog* is about, all the time insisting that it's funny. Loneliness, betrayal, disillusionment, near murder, humiliation, half-madness, sorrow, severance, confusion, waste—comic, all comic! A strange combination. Why does Bellow insist on making the novel comic? In this book, the style is the man *plus* his author's looking at him. For example, Herzog goes to Chicago to

visit his widowed stepmother, a strong, shrewd old woman. He gets her out of the room so that, on the pretext of taking some Czarist rubles from his dead father's desk he may filch his father's loaded pistol. (Neither he nor we are fully conscious of why he wants the pistol; it turns out he takes it with him when he goes to spy on his former wife and her lover, though he does not shoot.) Immediately after he pockets the gun, he goes to the old woman, Taube, and Bellow represents his thoughts as follows:

He knew it was not proper that he should think her expression sheep-like. This figurative habit of his mind crippled his judgment, and was likely to ruin him some day. Perhaps the day was near; perhaps this night his soul would be required of him. The gun weighed on his chest. But the protuberant lips, great eyes, and pleated mouth were sheeplike, and they warned him he was taking too many chances with destruction. Taube, a veteran survivor, to be heeded, had fought the grave to a standstill, balking death itself by her slowness.

There is nothing comic about either the situation or his reflections. It is their juxtaposition which is comic, and this juxtaposing Bellow has caused so that he and we alike may keep our distance from Herzog.

Without the double distance of comedy, near and far simultaneously, all would have descended into a glop of free association and self-justification; no Herzog, no *Herzog*. As it is, the character and his self-justifications remain *over there*; we see him, we laugh at him even as we feel for him, we can understand him. Usually. Nearly always, but not quite always. In one important respect, Bellow fails. Herzog's noncomic, anti-comic loathing of his false friend, Gersbach, almost totally obliterates that character for the reader. The faithless wife, Madeleine, we can see somewhat better, though nowhere near so well as his present mistress. But wife and friend we get only glimpses of, usually distorted, and we need to know them well if we are to size up Herzog fully. Here, and here only, Bellow allows Herzog's fantasy to supplant the reality almost entirely, rather than to play counterpoint to it. A serious flaw, fatal if the book had been realistically serious.

That is, according to realistic psychology, we know that Herzog, even in his middle age, was false-naive. Looking at a photograph of himself

taken at the time he got his M. A., he thinks:

His younger face expressed the demands of ingenuous conceit. A man in years he then was, but in years only, and in his father's eyes stubbornly un-European, that is, innocent by deliberate choice. Moses refused to know evil. But he could not refuse to experience it. And therefore others were appointed to do it to him, and then to be accused (by him) of wickedness.

This is the naïveté which made it possible for him to be so thoroughly duped, and his natural rage at his betrayers is magnified by rage at himself. As he knows: he puts himself into the position to shoot them, and then does not. He knows and Bellow knows, but we readers must know too. We must know more about Gersbach than externals, than that he was a poet-announcer with a wooden leg; we must know him in our hearts. We weren't victimized by him. After all, Herzog, an arrogant, intellectual, experienced man, had no business being so innocent at his age; he is guilty of innocence. The evil of Gersbach and Madeleine we cannot take on Herzog's word; Bellow must prove it, if we are to credit it fully enough to hate them on our own, and he does not. He seals us inside Herzog's mind too much, as he does not with the other secondary characters.

But, happily, the book is only partly about the rape of Herzog's naïveté. There is more to him than that, much more. According to another, older, moral psychology, Herzog is a man of sloth. He has his quota of the other sins, lust, pride, anger, but sloth dominates him. Not merely indolence, but busy-work too, furiously doing a thousand other things instead of what he ought to be doing. His soul wallows, and all the time his mind is thinking wildly, surrounding it with swarms of thoughts, attacking it, darting every which way, always coming back to it, prodding it till it shifts and grunts, jabbing at it. Sometimes the heaviness gets into the book. Late one afternoon his mistress phones and invites him over to dinner. He says he will be right there. It takes him thirty or forty minutes to get to the door of his apartment, during which time he does nothing but have twenty pages of thoughts. There is a lot of energy in these thoughts, but the inertia beneath them makes the passage drag.

Realistic or moral, whatever the psychology, there is the flaw in Herzog's character which we are grate-



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ful for and which the novel could not do without. He can't stop thinking: he is out of control of his thoughts a good deal of the time, he spills over, he darts all over the place. A lot of the thoughts he has are worth having, their energy is abundant, and they reek with vitality, even the silly ones. And the way Saul Bellow has put them together is a delight, a treat. On the next to last page occur the last words of Herzog's last imaginary letter: "But what do you want, Herzog?" "But that's just it—not a solitary thing. I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy." When you read this, you believe it. This is not just an easy upbeat ending. Herzog has earned the right to say this.

Still.

"For as long as I may remain in occupancy." Here he is, an English professor whose scholarly writing is

good enough to put him in *Who's Who*, and he writes a sentence like that! The language of it may be more or less in character, but Bellow uses the locution to hold Herzog *over there* to the very end, so you won't take his sentiments too much to heart. You believe him, but you also believe Bellow's prose: Herzog has got through, all right, but only just, and there's plenty of trouble ahead. How long has Herzog, to our knowledge, ever been satisfied with anything, much less existence? "I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed." Come off it, Moses, we know you, Duke, you won't rest for long, you're about to get married again, your heart is gluttonous as a hog.

George P. Elliott is the author of Parktilden Village and Among the Dangs. His most recent book, A Piece of Lettuce (Random House), is a collection of reminiscences and literary criticism.

Theatre of the Meaningful

Elizabeth Sutherland

Jackson, Miss. "You are the actors," said John O'Neal, one of the founders of the Free Southern Theatre, to the largely Negro, largely youthful audience sitting on folding chairs, benches, cots and the ground, behind a small frame house in Ruleville, Miss. They were waiting to see what was, for probably all of them, their first live play. The "stage" was the back porch; there was no curtain, and lights hadn't been necessary because it was mid-afternoon. Down the road, a few feet from the house, came a pickup truck with a policeman at the wheel, and a large German police dog standing stiff and ominous in the back. It drove by once, then passed back again. An elderly Negro began to trim the grass around his house next door with a noisy power mower. "Why does he do that right now?" I asked Roger Johnson, a young Negro from Boston who does the lighting for the company. "He's one of the local Toms," Johnson shrugged. Finally the play began; it was Martin Duberman's *In White America*, less a play than a dramatic reading of Negro history based on historical documents dating back to the slave trade.

Sharp-eyed policemen and "Uncle Toms" came as no surprise to O'Neal, a young Negro actor from Southern Illinois University, and 22-year-old Gil

Moses from Cleveland, Ohio, who directed this production. Moses' wife, Denise, plays the role—which includes the powerful Little Rock scene—made famous off-Broadway by Gloria Foster. Both men are staff members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. They organized the theatre last spring, with Tougaloo College outside Jackson, Miss., as a home base; they have since set up new headquarters in New Orleans (Box 2374), where Richard Schechner, editor of the *Tulane Drama Review*, joined them recently as third producing director. Most of the company previously had only college acting experience, although one member, Eric Weinberger, had worked with the Living Theatre, and Gil Moses had done a little off-Broadway work.

Their version of *In White America* was highly professional and compared very favorably to the original. This first production, given in thirteen towns during a three-week tour of Mississippi last August, was not intended as a sample of what the Free Southern Theatre intends to do but as an experiment: to find out how Mississippi Negroes, most of whom had never seen a theatrical performance before, would react; and to ascertain what sort of theatre should be developed. Author Duberman has pointed out that his work was origi-

nally addressed to white liberals—not to Mississippi Negroes. Much of its irony and humor eluded them and they occasionally laughed when they were not supposed to, or vice versa. They clapped equally for Booker T. Washington delivering his conservative "five fingers speech" and for Black Nationalist Marcus Garvey. Members of the audience who started to join in singing with the cast would sometimes be hushed by others more decorous. One performance, in the coastal town of Gulfport, turned into a small disaster because it was held in a movie theatre and the audience, expecting at least one chase scene and three corpses, expressed its sense of betrayal with loud complaints and constant interruptions.

Elsewhere, response was noisy in a different way. As the actors made their pleas for justice or denounced the white man's cruelty, old women and young men would shout: "That's right!" "Amen!" "You tell it!" In Ruleville, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer watched intently in the audience as Denise Moses delivered a Negro woman's account of being beaten by whites. Mrs. Hamer, who recently made a stirring appearance at the Democratic Convention as a delegate from the new Freedom Democratic Party, is a former plantation worker and was beaten to insensibility last year for voter-registration work. There was no need to tell her "you are the actors."

"We got the best reaction in churches," said O'Neal, and certainly the response to one performance I saw, at the First Union Baptist Church in the large town of Meridian, would have pleased most actors. Meridian has a good number of middle-class Negroes, and their reaction was quiet, respectful, sophisticated. The most interesting "theatre," though, was the new and unfinished community center in the tiny town of Mileston. The center has been a labor of love for a remarkable white man from California, who raised \$10,000 for the project and built it himself with a young white helper and local Negro aid on occasion. That afternoon, the play was performed with one wall of the building still missing; the stage stretched out into a real cotton field. As night fell the actors relaxed in nearby homes, while Negroes stood guard outside with shotguns and rifles. The reason was easy to find: in front of one of the homes stood the charred automobile of a Negro civil rights worker which had been fire bombed by

whites only three weeks earlier. Farther down the dirt road, in a frame building just like thousands of others in Mississippi, several members of the cast were eating sandwiches and talking or playing cards. A group in the kitchen argued about Brecht's poetry; in an adjoining bedroom, Roger Johnson was telling what happened when he was arrested in the no man's land called Yazoo City. "I just shuffled and scratched my head, yassuh, yassuh," he said, doing an Amos and Andy around the bed; "I shuffled and scratched all the way to jail." He was released not long after; a bit of acting knowledge comes in handy around Yazoo.

Local whites came to see the play four times. On one occasion, they were local liberals; another time, members of a Mennonite sect. In Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, two white students who had dared to go to Northern universities instead of Ole Miss were among the audience. "One of them even came to the party we had afterward," said a summer volunteer.

And then, toward the end of the tour, there was the performance at Indianola, a rural town located in Senator James Eastland's Sunflower County and the birthplace of the White Citizens' Council. The Summer Project had established a beachhead at Indianola only recently and the play was to be given in the red brick building of the new Freedom School there. Dark was just falling and I was standing alone on the porch while the lights were being set up inside. Suddenly a stream of white police cars came up the driveway, followed by a long line of lights from other cars; it looked like a very orderly lynching party. Forty-two white-helmeted policemen poured out and a man in sports clothes and straw hat walked up to the porch: "There are twenty-five people here who want to see the play. Can they come in? There won't be any trouble," added the man, who turned out to be the sheriff.

They came, of course, the whites: lawyers and other professionals, small businessmen, a few farmers. No wives or daughters to make it at least look like a friendly visit or social occasion. As for the police, many of them had been deputized for the night: not exactly a reassuring species. While the twenty-five guests sat down together in several rows toward the back, the theatre became jammed to the rafters with local Negroes; the temperature

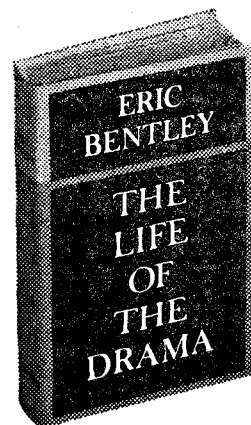
must have been at least 110 degrees.

Outside, where it was cooler, the police stood in clusters around the building. One group held a very calm, very hopeless discussion with a young white volunteer. "Do you believe God intended black and white to mix?" he was asked. "You're a student, have you had any courses in genetics?" said another. "Northerners can't understand our problems," came from a third officer. "I'm from Georgia," the student replied.

As the evening progressed, you could see that the cast was playing to the white men with everything they had. Some of the whites were laughing, a few clapped. When the freedom songs which end the play were sung, and the Negro audience joined in, the familiar words seemed to ring out as never before. Neither the rows of white men inside, nor the forty-two badges outside, could diminish the stirring voices of all those black men, women, youths and children.

"Which side are you on?" goes one of the songs, and there was, unfortunately, not too much question about this. I returned to Indianola two days later, at the invitation of the sheriff, to talk with some of the whites who had seen the play about their reactions. There was, the sheriff said when we arrived, only one person available: the County Clerk. That gentleman sat alone in a smallish room which had two entrances, for white and Negro. Quietly, with total hostility, he explained that he had gone to the play to find out what the Summer Project was all about. He thought it was well acted, historically accurate as far as he could judge — and inflammatory. The production confirmed his suspicion that the project was Communist-infiltrated. When asked for specific examples of this in the play, he referred only to its general tone, the point it was driving toward. "The project was supposed to teach citizenship and voter registration. There's nothing in the play about those things. Anyway, there's no problem with voter registration in this county — Negroes can come down any time they want to."

From his tone, there obviously wasn't much point in asking how come less than 2 per cent of the eligible Negroes in his county had been registered, or why the federal government had decided to bring suit against the local registrar. There wasn't much point in our talking, period. Our idea that the whites might have come to the play out of some desire for understand-



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ATHENEUM

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ing or communication was neatly punctured—or perhaps those who thought differently from the clerk weren't talking. Of course he was right in one sense: anything which encourages the Negro to stand up for his rights is revolutionary in Mississippi.

During the performance of *In White America* at Greenville, a man in the audience came up on the stage as a pre-Civil War scene between a white master and a slave was about to begin. He had obviously believed O'Neal's opening words: "You are the actors." But then he stood there, frozen, until Gil Moses finally whispered to him to leave. Afterward the man explained, "There was so much I wanted to say and I had it all figured out. But when I got up there in all that light, I just couldn't."

Somehow, O'Neal feels, a way must be found to incorporate such people into the action. Moses also believes strongly that in addition to becoming

a permanent professional repertory company (they are now working on two new productions), the Free Southern Theatre should stay in each town a week or two, build a new play around its history and themes, hold workshops. They are less concerned about the type of plays produced and the ability of the local Negroes to understand unfamiliar material or language. "It's a question of how the material is put across," said O'Neal. "Any play can be used if it is given relevance. We can do Shakespeare—let Hamlet be Senator Stennis' liberal son, to give a wild example. Anything, as long as the audience makes connections."

Let no theatre lover conclude, however, that this is a group of mere propagandists. All are concerned with aesthetics, all are aware of the message vs. art debate. "Our audiences were more grateful than critical," said O'Neal. "We want to change that too."

pervades the performance. That is not without value. One is reminded of the buskers in Leicester Square. The atmosphere they create is coarsely cordial, roughly familiar, sadly humorous, almost tender. Something about these street performers breathes an engaging uncleanness—the reek of a humanity cheerfully resigned to cold, wet and a dreary diet, without loss of a fundamental dignity and grit. That is the characteristic trait of Joan Littlewood's work.

There is also a humble pathos in the scene of fraternization between the Tommies and the Boche during the first Christmas of the war, and a bitter melancholy in the scene of the hapless pacifist lady on the hustings who cannot overcome the listless hostility of the street stragglers. There is a sting in the sniffing religiosity and flatulent jingoism of the church scene which our audiences may still respond to—though I have myself begun to tire of such facile barbs.

The use of electric signs to flash news of devastating battle losses, together with slogans like "All Quiet on the Western Front," and the report of pitiful gains of territory in no-man's land is clever but finally becomes monotonous. These constitute the "art" of this production (thanks to such German predecessors as Piscator and Brecht) which, though much admired in London, lack the punch they are intended to pack.

In a word, I find much of the stagecraft and propaganda in *Oh What a Lovely War* belated. We manage such mechanics and effects more deftly and as to anti-war preachment, I doubt its real efficacy when the deeper causes, the more basic social and moral issues that antedated the war by years are not given as background. There is something depressingly sentimental about protesting the ravages of war when so little is ever done to fortify ourselves in the day-to-day conflict of living before war breaks out.

It is with such conflict that Saul Bellow is concerned. To do him justice as a writer we should have to view his first play, *The Last Analysis*, in the context of his other work. One can only suggest this here, both to give the play the credit which is its due and to help explain its intrinsic shortcomings.

It is called a farce. It is more exactly an extravaganza of the unconscious. It is "serious nonsense," a crazy parable.

THEATRE

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR THE LAST ANALYSIS

I wanted to like the past week's two offerings—*Oh What a Lovely War* (Broadhurst) and *The Last Analysis* (Belasco)—more than I did, because in different ways both are worth our applause. But neither of them struck me as altogether persuasive.

I had seen the "musical entertainment"—a group production by Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop—when it was a phenomenal hit in London and wrote about it [*The Nation*, May 25, 1963] with as much enthusiasm as I could summon. My English friends treated my demurs as treason. There was a tie which bound the London public to the show that did not hold me.

Many people here too will feel strongly about this production—and perhaps justifiably. The audience is a leading actor in every staged performance, but in the case of *Oh What a Lovely War* I feel that the American audience is, on the whole, miscast.

Members of Britain's older generation who still remember the songs and atmosphere of the First World War on which the production is based wept in anguished nostalgia. For them 1914-18 was a time of youthful hope, patriotic sentiment, and ultimately of collapsed illusion, the confrontation

of a country drained of blood and confidence.

Britain's younger generation rejoiced in *Oh What a Lovely War* as a colorful "circus" committed to kicking the body politic and military smartly in its collective seat. Sir Douglas Haig and Sir John French are the specific targets, but the tone of the show is that of a cockney guying not only the powers that were but the powers that (still) be.

To us, though we are a nervously and muddle-headed peace-loving people, *Oh What a Lovely War* is more pastime than propaganda: not quite complete as one, not altogether appropriate as the other.

Concretely, the best things in the show are the old tunes—*Keep the Home Fires Burning*, *Pack Up Your Troubles*, *There's a Long Long Trail*, etc.—though they are sometimes sung off-key and with the words not always intelligible. The period cartoons, posters and photographs also make a valid satirical point. Most of the sketches between the main numbers are overlong, besides being reminiscent of things we enjoyed during our own turbulent thirties.

The British love amateur theatricals and a certain amateurishness

Its central figure, Bummidge, is an immensely popular television comic (symbol for the American artist) surrounded by parasites—family, friends, fans, colleagues, agents, touts and whores—who are both the support and destroyers of such men. Born of poor Jewish (immigrant) parents, Bummidge senses his corruption and acknowledges his guilt. He is besmirched by the slime of success and knows that he has both invited it and wallowed in it. He yearns to recover his proper being. He plans to expose himself shamelessly in a televised self-analysis before a select audience of medical men, for which he alone must pay all the expense.

The program in which Bummidge acts as both patient and doctor is conducted in the same madly incoherent manner as is everything else in his professional and personal life. But he is now possessed by an unswerving determination to examine himself in every detail, no matter how soiled or ridiculous. This enacted confession and its contemplation will, he believes, lead him and those who witness it to greater understanding and to the path of self-renewal.

He renounces the profits promised him as a result of his sensational telecast and rids himself of everyone who will not rally to his new "cause." For he now proposes to reopen an old theatre he once appeared in (it has since been converted into a meat market—another symbol) and there to conduct a Socratic academy for other "comics" who, having given themselves in bondage to "false needs, false thoughts, false sex," seek to rediscover their better selves.

"Suppose all we fumlbers and bumblers," he says, "we cranks and creeps and cripples, we proud, sniffing, ragged-assed paupers of heart and soul, sick with spite, sick with every vice, spoiled by laziness and money, suppose we look again for the manhood we were born to inherit."

That is Bellow's major theme, one to which I am most sympathetic. It is no crime that the picture of abject vulgarity and cruel filth is made so much more convincing than the moment of redemption. What is dismaying is not that the analytic minutiae of Bummidge's psyche is sordid but that it is so commonplace—even in the play's most inventive scene where Bummidge portrays his prenatal life and his emergence from his mother's womb.

Bellow is more proficient in de-

pecting Bummidge as a gigantic effigy than in arranging stage action so that his puppet can move in a consistently sustained manner. Even figures of fancy must be endowed with a credible identity outside the author's consciousness. But Bummidge is a figment of verbiage. His progress through the world imagined for him does not have its own logic, a truly dramatic existence. It is in this respect chiefly that *The Last Analysis* is not a fulfilled play.

Still there are passages that attain a horrendously hilarious eloquence which proclaim the genuine writer and the promise of a playwright. It is a language of sophisticated literacy blended with a parody of the gibberish of our most potent media of publicity. As spoken prose—if not as true dialogue—*The Last Analysis* occasionally takes on a vigor that buzzes our nerves and assumes even more meaning than the play's ostensible message. It provides the creative vein of the evening.

All might have been saved if the

production had a style. Granted that a stage style for such a play is not readily achieved, what we see at the Belasco is a hodgepodge that shifts from an attempt at vaudeville exaggeration—badly accomplished—to a prosaic "sincerity." This includes a setting of cluttered and unsightly realism with hardly anything of the boisterous imagination indicated by the speech and idea of the text. Did Joseph Anthony, the director, and David Hays, the designer—both gifted men—suppose that *The Last Analysis* takes place anywhere but in the realm of the dramatist's fancy?

A concomitant damage to the production is the lack of the right Bummidge—a role possibly more taxing than any in present-day theatre. Sam Levene is an excellent actor, a brilliantly sour comedian. But his talent is essentially down to earth. The play requires an out-of-this-world comic, a Rabelaisian monster. There are only two or three such beings extant—and they are rarely available on order.

HAROLD CLURMAN

FILMS

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY ALL THESE WOMEN

The lines forming nightly in New York for *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* are new evidence of the old fact that in the popular theatre nothing succeeds more boisterously than a bravura performance. This Ginger is a playboy come from Dublin to the western world of Montreal, a devil of a fellow, an impossible husband and father, a deplorable, ego-inflated sham with a thin edge of honor and sweet reason showing behind the punch-drunk bombast. Given an actor with the physique for the horseplay and the intelligence to keep track of the man lurking in the berserker—given in this case Robert Shaw in beard and loud checks—a turnaway crowd is predictable.

That would be so whether or not the picture had much else to recommend it; *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* has more on its side than one high-octane part. It has Mary Ure who, playing the recessive role of a wife who retires in tight-lipped distaste from her husband's bruising romp with reality, performs with a warmth and a specificity that hold their own with the main event. And the picture draws

on one's imagination and concern because it offers, in exaggerated, almost schematic form, a relationship most of us have bumped up against, if indeed we haven't been involved. People who look on life as a stage for their specialty act can be diverting company (Ginger finds hail fellows on every street in Montreal), but they are hell on those who become dependent on them. It is always gratifying to watch this kind of native wisdom spinning out in the efficient space and time logic of a dramatic work—we call it "mature" theatre.

The Luck of Ginger Coffey also contains details that show an alert mind behind the scenes (the mind, I presume, of Brian Moore who wrote the original novel and later the screenplay). For example, a wife will excuse a good deal of lying, but she will not forgive a lie that has roused her to a sexual response. Any husband in the audience knows that Ginger has cooked his goose when, quite without premeditation, he blunders into that trap. For another example, Ginger becomes more unbearable as success grows less implausible: the fact is

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CAREY MCWILLIAMS, Editor.

that success scares the pants off him —it can never live up to the ultimate triumph of his dreams. And for an example of a different sort, the film takes advantage of present conditions in Canada by including several sharp but unstressed instances of French Canadian underdog truculence.

The movie has faults. It is made with a rather leaden and sometimes uncommunicative camera — I had thought Montreal would be a rewarding new screen setting; it did not prove so in this case. And too many of the characters surrounding Ginger—particularly during his brief stint on a metropolitan daily—are bizarre without being very interesting. We accept the premise that Ginger is a card, but when all his colleagues are given quirks and twitches of their own, it begins to seem that someone has been anxious to keep the scene very spicy. The performance level is also uneven. Major scenes are crisp, but the director, Irvin Kershner, seems to have been content with little more than a walk through in the transitions.

I resist, thus, the present critical consensus that *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* is the crowning event in a half century of the movies. It is a good picture, well acted in the main, relevant to a sufficiently common experience, interesting in that it allows the characters to develop, both in themselves and in their relationships. It is well worth seeing, but I'm not going to

balance adjectives on my nose to drum up the audience.

Ingmar Bergman branches out into very pastel color to discourse, in *All These Women*, upon the hollowness of artistic renown. Drawing upon I do not know what personal experiences, the Swedish director tells us that genius, seen from within the temple itself, is a compound of pretense, ruthlessness, ennui and sugar-candy eroticism. The theme melody of the picture is "Yes, We Have No Bananas!", which I take to be a symbolic reference to the inadequacies, spiritual and physical, of the master and his entourage of giggling doxies, and which allows him to set the proceedings in the easily mocked flapper era of the 1920s.

The style of this woeful film is satiric fantasy with embellishments of slapstick. It makes no point (you cannot call the notion that a rumor of talent can be manufactured from arrogance and mystery a valid point at this late date in the age of public relations); its fantasy is at the scenic and choreographic level of Radio City Music Hall, and its pratfalls, its chases, dunkings in pools and smearing with whipped cream are so finicky and condescending as to make Mack Sennett curse from the grave. Of all the forms of tedium, cuteness is perhaps the most intolerable.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC

LITURGY AND BILLINGSGATE

BERNSTEIN: Symphony No. 3, *Kaddish*. Felicia Montealegre, speaker; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Camerata Singers; Columbus Boychoir; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia KL 6005; KS 6605 (S).

BRITTEN: *War Requiem*, Op. 66. Galina Vishnevskaya, Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; London Symphony and Chorus, Benjamin Britten, cond. London 4255; 1255 (S).

The principal question about Leonard Bernstein's *Kaddish* is why it should have been singled out for such universal critical vilification at its first American performances in Boston and New York last year. Listening to it then, and hearing it recently on the

recording, I found it unmistakably the product of a remarkable musical gift, full of effective sounds and gestures, and showing a sense of what can be done by sheer orchestral manipulation that few practicing composers, whatever their superior stature or resourcefulness in other respects, can command. It seemed, in short, just what one would most expect from the evidence of Mr. Bernstein's other music. And it seems to me particularly to deserve defense against the notably immoderate scorn with which it was treated in the press because of its obvious superiority in the respects I have enumerated to anything in the Britten *War Requiem*—a comparatively weak specimen of precisely the same popular-masterpiece genre whose immense, untouch-

The NATION

able local prestige (the highest, undoubtedly, since the Shostakovich *Leningrad Symphony*) is in such striking contrast to the treatment accorded *Kaddish*.

Indeed, the similarities in purpose and approach of the two works are so manifest that one's first conjecture about the difference in their reception is simply that the Britten got here first. And possibly associated with this is the advantage Britten enjoys with our audience by being, as an Englishman, somewhat more exotic and hence "authentic" than any American could ever manage to be. For the works themselves are virtually counterparts of the same external idea: both derive their titles and principal texts from the most solemn and emotionally charged passages of their respective liturgies; both assert bold originality by interspersing these with contemporary texts that presumably give the whole a profound relation to the urgent concerns of modern man — Wilfred Owen's war poems in the Britten, and existential self-examinations in the Bernstein. And, in their visual-sonic appearances, both invoke full and impressive arrays of instruments and voices, occupy sufficient time spans, and produce sufficient masses of sound to be recognized as "very important pieces," and cement these imputations of high artistic purpose and accomplishment by traversing a wide variety of styles associated with appropriate masterpieces from the literature.

But in all other respects, one would have supposed that the rather pale and conventional slickness of the Britten was no match for the strenuous confessional and intensely novel manner of *Kaddish*. Where Britten's entire conceit is to reproduce traditional qualities in "contemporary" terms with such absolute control that he will appear to be a master in the traditional sense, Bernstein is like a musical Norman Mailer in his raw and restless embrace of every available sound and style, however over-familiar or marginally "far out," and in his slashing contrasts of texture and proportion, all of which seem designed to project an overwhelming image of violent and uncontrollable originality. Thus the percussion music and "twelve-tone expressionism" of the "Din-Torah" (whose "row" actually begins with the first four notes of Berg's *Lulu*) suddenly cuts back to a *Verklärte Nacht* sound, which in turn gives way to a Lullaby that might have come out of Ravel's *L'enfant et*

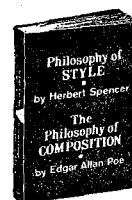
les sortilèges, and so forth. Unlike Britten, however, Bernstein never associates these sounds with a continuity that approximates that of their sources (except perhaps in the Lullaby), but virtually pours them over one another in a continually erratic texture whose very instability produces a peculiar kind of "dynamism."

However disheveled and episodic the results, then, the approach itself seems far more engaging than Britten's eternally recurring tritones. And many of the sonic and presentational ideas that Bernstein has had for making his recalcitrant material perform its compulsively theatrical function result in genuinely arresting moments; I was especially struck by his way of building to the inevitable "big" climaxes by starting from a bare statement of two registral extremes and then progressively "filling in" the middle of the texture. Furthermore, the work is full of brilliant sounds and timbral juxtapositions — for example, the constantly changing relation between orchestral and choral rhythm and articulation, and the way the chorus emerges from the percussion sound in the "Din-Torah" would be memorable in anybody's piece.

Apart from all such considerations, I find it difficult to understand why anyone who could find anything to marvel at in the little trumpet curls that passed for "tone painting" in the *War Requiem* would not be even more impressed by some of the sheer musical theatre in *Kaddish*; for example, the gradual "transformation" of the "tone-row" into a diatonic "hymn" before one's very ears is a dramatization of the moral triumph of tonality that has all the earmarks of a feat of popular cultural heroics. And following this with a bit of Copland-homespun Appalachia seems a sure-fire appeal to the nostalgic dreams of our recent musical past.

But although there is nothing inherently cornier in this than in Britten's self-Berliozation, it does begin to explain the hostility *Kaddish* aroused in the critics; for one senses something painfully sincere about Bernstein's attempt, a feeling that, in some wildly unrealistic terms, he really hoped to act out the drama of an existential *Kaddish* in terms of the struggle and triumph of tonality over atonality. Thus the embarrassments of the piece are like those of watching someone act upon a complete faith in his ability to do the physically impossible — fly, for example.

In short, Britten's superior triumph seems to lie mainly in his superior cynicism; where his slyly "inside" puns flattered his listeners' intelligences, Bernstein's brutal self-exposure was too transparent an affront. In this, a comparison of the two texts is particularly revealing; obviously, Bernstein's text itself provided the most vulnerable and convenient target for retaliation—and indeed, some of the reviews consisted mostly of shocked quotations from it. On the other hand, Britten's calculation was totally ingenious; not only was his choice much more *comme il faut* and genuinely tasteful as a text in itself, but it also engaged all the sentiment attaching to Owen, and displayed as well a slick awareness of what is currently "in." For the anti-war theme has great currency these days, especially among the younger English intellectuals, whereas modernized Old Testament agonizing is very old hat, entirely lacking in the cachet it used to enjoy as artistic subject matter, and carrying with it now a faintly corrupt odor of parochialism and tastelessness that seems to have begun to discourage even Broadway, Wolf Mankowitz and the *New York Post*. Besides, one can simply ignore the words of a sung text like Britten's, whereas an insistently spoken, shouted and intoned oration such as that of *Kaddish*, invariably gets in the way of its musical surroundings and almost begs to be resented. Here again, the very self-destructiveness of Bernstein's approach convinces one of its utter sincerity;



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but the major issue of the comparison—which text is more fruitfully conceived as music-dramatic material—seems nearly a tossup.

In the end one must concede that *Kaddish* does not amount to a significant new composition; but that is just what I find most disturbing about the furor with which it has been surrounded, since I am led to wonder whether all the moral outrage has not simply been an unjustified outlet for a—perhaps justifiable—irritation with Mr. Bernstein's other activities as conductor and musical personality. Such a confusion of categories, however, is equally dangerous for music and for responsible criticism whether or not it is directed at a work deserving of really serious consideration. Anyway, the very idea of a morally corrupting piece of music seems to me absurd; bad pieces, being by definition incapable of rewarding anyone's attention, can achieve public importance only by virtue of the attention they get in the press. Ignored, they fade into the featureless limbo of their kind.

BENJAMIN BORETZ

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Welfare or Status

(Continued from page 246)

felt that any suggestion of integration would lose too many white votes. So a plan was devised to offer Negroes the old white city hospital, City Memorial, with funds for renovation, in exchange for Negro support for the new (white) county hospital. The choice was not an easy one for Negroes. If they voted for the plan they would in effect be voting to continue segregation of hospital facilities. Whites were saying: "We won't need City Memorial Hospital after we get a shiny new one. So we will let you Negroes have it." On the other hand, City Memorial, even as it stood, was clearly superior to the Katé Bitting Reynolds Memorial Hospital, the city's Negro facility. The "Katy B." had been built as a Negro hospital, which means that it was not built well. The shortage of facilities was appalling; for example, only one bathroom on each floor. With substantial renovation City Memorial would be incomparably better. More important, voting for the hospital plan would in no way prevent Negroes from contesting to gain admittance to the new hospital later. The outcome of legal action was not in question since the new hospital was to be built with public monies, as a public facility.

But this was not a tempest in a teapot. Support of the hospital plan required sacrifice of the status objective: recognition as full and equal participants in the life of the community. But to insist on the status objective by voting against the hospital plan might well deprive Negroes in the short run of much-needed hospital facilities.

Again, moderates generally endorsed the hospital plan. For them, the need for better facilities was too pressing. One moderate put it this way: "I didn't like the idea of 'your people' trying to put a deal like this over, but we were in desperate need of more and better hospital facilities. Anyway, we knew that so much public money was going into the new one that Negroes would be in it when it opened." These leaders thought they could have both worlds. But the militants did not. They vigorously opposed the hospital plan. "I will never vote segregation on myself!" The fact that Negroes later could contest to gain admittance to the hospital was im-

material. The very suggestion that segregation could provide a legitimate or tenable solution had to be repudiated.

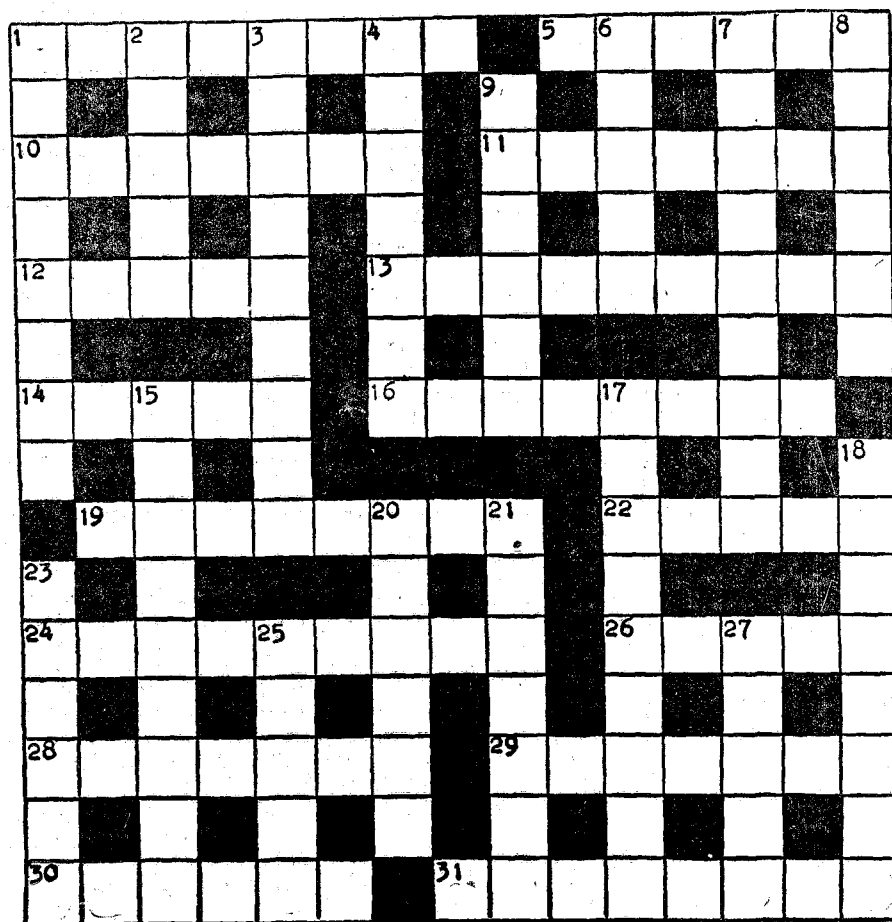
What happened? Negro voters were sharply divided, with a majority voting against the hospital plan. But the plan still carried. When the new hospital opened its doors earlier this year, it opened them to all who could afford the rates. And preliminary steps have been taken to build a new hospital in East Winston, the Negro section of the city.

Not all cases of welfare-status conflict end this happily. New public swimming pools simply aren't being built in the South—or for that matter in parts of the North—because white voters won't let tax money be spent for integrated pools. And very few Negro children have access to the private community pools that are going up everywhere. The recreation director of a Southern city told me that in a few years it may be impossible to get support for public pools in many cities, however racial problems are resolved. Too many children will have access to private facilities. The poor in general and Negroes in particular suffer in this situation. But should Negroes generally do as Statesville Negroes did and consent to continued pool segregation in the interest of welfare objectives? The larger question is not, of course, whether Negroes should try "separate but equal" again; but whether, and if so when, one set of objectives should be postponed in order to realize the other.

In time, the tension generated by the conflicting demands of welfare and status should diminish. The gross exclusion barriers are falling, and as they fall the two aspects of the struggle for equality should become less distinct. There is already some evidence that the alternatives are blurring. But as long as the welfare and status needs of Negro Americans retain the urgency they now possess—and I fear that that will be a long time—choices will have to be made. Unfortunately, there is no formula for balancing the objectives as the revolution moves on. But it might help if we keep in mind that only *strategy* is involved. The American democracy will not have fulfilled its promise to Negro Americans until both the welfare and the status claims have been met.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1076

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Went to dial? It takes a quarter, in turn. (4, 4)
- 5 Dawdle in the club? (6)
- 11 How they used to make a crew influence opinion? (7)
- 12 How to commend something in the next Olympics. (5)
- 13 Post with a drawback ultimately.
- 14 Resin extracted from a betel emission. (5)
- 16 What happens to replace the thing of 8 down after dusk? (8)
- 19 Does the brew contain an upset mess in the process? (8)
- 22 and 25 down The type that can't fly, or are heading back after a journey into space. (5, 5)
- 24 Literary reviewers do — unless one considers them music collections. (9)
- 26 Where Berlioz put Harold. (5)
- 28 An instructor, in short, takes employment, becoming extravagant.
- 29 Is one a big grower, possibly? (7)
- 30 Firm, with a couple to go this way, possibly. (6)
- 31 One might find it later, by a position where one might be given away. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Turner left extremely like one about to be all washed up. (8)
- 2 But it isn't so fast when anchored — or is it? (5)

- 3 Not very substantial haberdashery which we probably all have. (9)
- 4 Consume by fire, as the type in a box. (7)
- 6 Capital, in this case. (5)
- 8 Obviously such a deer is live. (6)
- 9 Precedes either men or women, as a classic title. (6)
- 15 Put into office, and traveled with the conductor. (9)
- 17, 10 across, 7 down and 18 down Implying a relationship between one's stature and one's descent. (3, 6, 4, 3, 3, 6, 4, 4)
- 20 2 down Might be like parts of southwestern England. (6)
- 21 It's funny, but the ribs lie quite crooked here. (7)
- 23 Shoots from cover at marsh birds?
- 25 See 22 across
- 27 To do it was the object of a Carroll sneeze. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1075

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Going, going, gone; 10 Employs; 11 Trojans; 12 Hereford cattle; 14 Unsorted; 15 Cosset; 16 Diatom; 18 Atabrine; 22 Cash on delivery; 24 Channel; 25 Tighter; 26 Neat; 27 Sacristans. DOWN: 1 Greyhounds; 2 Imparts; 3 Good-for-nothing; 4 Observe; 5 Notice; 7 Oracles; 8 and 21 East Anglia; 9. Pontoon bridges; 13 Steelyards; 17 Alabama; 19 Theater; 20 Inertia; 23 Scan.

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American journalism has grown fat and lazy. The scoop, the exposé and the fiery editorial have virtually disappeared. In 96% of American cities, the daily newspapers are controlled by a single ownership. Today we have only half the newspapers we had in 1900, despite a tripling of the population since then. Today's magazines, the bloodless progeny of such journalistic titans as Garrison's "Liberator" and Mencken's "American Mercury," shrink from controversy and print only those articles which they know will please advertisers and preserve revenues.

The opportunity for the dissenting voice to be heard, for the unpopular cause to be championed, has vanished from free America. We live in the age of managed news, of journalistic indolence, of press-agentry, of government censorship.

As a partial antidote to this serious threat to the democratic process, we are proud to announce publication of FACT, a bimonthly of uncompromising truth. FACT is America's permanent roving Diogenes, peering into the halls of legislature, the ateliers of art, the archives of history and the laboratories of science, sifting from pitchman's ballyhoo and politician's cant, the fact. FACT is a fearless magazine beholden neither to advertisers (it carries no advertising) nor to vested interests. It does not hesitate to ask, "Where are the emperor's clothes?"

Perhaps the best way to describe FACT is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Catholic Appropriation of Federal Funds—A completely documented exposé of how Catholic laymen in key Washington jobs siphon millions from the U.S. Treasury to pay for projects of the Roman Catholic Church.

Time: The Weekly Fiction Magazine—Firsthand reports on Time's colossal distortions, omissions and downright lies, by Mary McCarthy, Dwight Macdonald, Rockwell Kent, Walter Winchell, Vincent Price, Sen. John McClellan, Burgess Meredith, and a score of other celebrities.

Suppressed Government Report on Car Safety—Unmentioned and unmentionable in the mass me-

dia, an Armed Forces study shows that your chances of meeting death on the highway are 50% greater in one of Detroit's "Big Three" cars than in the other two. FACT reveals, by brand name, which American cars are safe and which are lethal.

Cola Drinks: A Menace to Health
Should the Government Break Up AT&T?

The Abortion Pill That Would Make Contraception Obsolete

Tax Avoidance by Multimillionaires—The shocking story of how 35 persons who earn over \$1 million yearly do not pay a single cent in taxes.

The Misleading Advertising of Bayer Aspirin

How the Post Office Invades Mail Privacy—A full disclosure of how postal sleuths spy on the mail of average American citizens.

"The Big Smokescreen"—The shameful story of how tobacco advertisers bribed American newspapers into suppressing the truth about cigarettes and cancer for 25 years.

Let's Get Rid of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—Leading composers, musicians, and singers tell why they think it should be replaced by "America the Beautiful."

Suicide Among College Students

Why the Negro Revolution Must Lead to Violence

San Francisco: Sanctuary for the Homosexual

The Declining Prestige of the Minister

The Social Utility of Pornography

Race Hatred in Russia—A Nigerian tells about the savage beatings and cruel mockery he and other Negro students suffered when they dated Soviet women in Moscow.

Bobby Kennedy: Savior or Fanatic?

Should a Jew Buy a Volkswagen?

Don't Come to the Fair—A philosophy professor tours the New York World's Fair and finds it a money-grubbing house of horrors.

Wife-Swapping in California

The Cruel Education of Two Mississippi Negroes—Before James Meredith, two other Negroes tried to enter all-white Mississippi universities. The first was put away in a state mental institution because "any nigger who tries to enter Ole Miss must be crazy." The second, found guilty on trumped-up charges of stealing \$25 worth of chicken feed, was sentenced to seven years in prison. FACT documents the whole sorrowful story.

Radio Free Europe: A Threat to U.S. Security—A French journalist shows how it consistently contradicts the Voice of America and sabotages State Department efforts to thaw the Cold War.

America's First Negro President—He has already been elected. FACT presents—in full—the most vigorously suppressed story of modern times.

FACT commenced publication only six months ago but already has won national acclaim. John Steinbeck, Henry Morgan, Ogden Nash, Louis Untermeyer, Elia Kazan, and "That Was The Week That Was" have all heaped praise upon FACT. California's Governor Pat Brown says "FACT pulls no punches." Bertrand Russell says FACT is "well prepared, irreverent, and serious." The New York "Post" says FACT is "lively, handsome, unconventional." And the San Francisco "Chronicle," labeling FACT "audacious," predicts that it may become "Mencken's 'American Mercury' of our day."

FACT's contributors include the most brilliant writers, artists and thinkers of our time: Irwin Shaw, Sloan Wilson, John Osborne, David Merriek, Bertrand Russell, Igor Stravinsky, Tallulah Bankhead, Taylor Caldwell, Conrad Aiken, Ralph Ingersoll, Dr. Fredric Wertham, H. Allen Smith, Eugene Burdick, A. S. Neill, Senator Ernest Gruening and Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, to name a few.

FACT, published bimonthly, is obtainable by subscription at \$7.50 per year. There is no superinflated list price, no phony discount.

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